

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

1. THE BATTLE OF FONTENAYE, A.D. 841. By Sir Edward Cressy. I.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	643
2. AGAINST TIME. Part XI.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	650
3. GALTON ON HEREDITARY GENIUS,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	668
4. ABOUT WHAT THE OLD EGYPTIANS KNEW,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	682
5. DANISH HOMES AND ENGLISH HOMES,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	695
6. GERMANY AND EUROPE,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	709
7. ENGLAND'S POSITION,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	702

POETRY.

THE SEA-GULL,	642	IN LATE AUTUMN,	642
IN THE WOOD,	642		

SHORT ARTICLES.

HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE SEINE,	681	MIRAGE IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH,	691
AMERICAN OPIUM,	681	GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES,	691

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THE SEA-GULL.

WANDERER whence? From earth, or air, or ocean?

Hast thou thine home mid clouds or on the billow?

Or from some northern crag by sea-bird haunted,
Hangs thy wild eyrie?

Thou hast a charm to thrall mine eager fancy
More than all songsters of each brake and meadow:

Bird, shall I name thee, spirit, or a dauntless
Child of the tempest?

Whether on high thou hov'rest o'er thy nestlings,

Whilst they in callow treble shrill their hunger,
Still with o'erladen bill — a starveling mother —
Swiftly returning:

Or, spirit-like, with pinion airy-flitting,
On the glass'd wave spread'st out an ample
plumage,

Changefully glancing — rosy 'neath the sunset,
White on the ocean:

Or with a prouder swoop against the darkness,
When the lashed sea-wrack howls beneath the
storm-blast,

Screamest exultant, on the yeasty surges
Fearlessly brooding.

What tho' at times thou seem'st in every guise-
ment

Lightly to gleam along the gleaming water,
Still would I deem thee — nomad of the sea-
shore,

Nature's own nursing.

Temple Bar.

•

IN THE WOOD.

If it be true I cannot tell
That spirits in the forest dwell,
But, walking in the wood to-day,
A vision fell across my way;
Not such as once, beneath the green
O'erhanging boughs, I should have seen,
But in the tranquil noon-tide hour,
And in the crimson Campion flower,
And in the grass I felt a power;
And every leaf of herb and tree
Seemed like a voice that greeted me,
Saying, "Not to ourselves alone
We live and die making no moan.
The sunshine and the summer showers,
And the soft dews of night are ours;
We ask no more than what is given;
Our praise and prayer is leaf and bloom,
And day and night our sweet perfume
Like incense rises up to heaven;
Thus our sweet lives we live alone,
We come and go and make no moan."
And so out of the wood I went,
Thinking, I too will be content

With day and night, with good and ill,
Submissive to the heavenly will.
The power which gives to plant and tree
Its bound and limit, gave to me
Just so much love and so much life;
And whatsoever peace, or strife,
Or sin, or sorrow, may be mine,
Is bounded by a law divine.
I cannot do the things I would,
I cannot take the boundless good
Which love might bring or heart desire,
And though to heaven my thoughts aspire
'Tis only given me to behold,
Far off, its spheres of living gold.
The little orb on which I ride
Around the sun in circuit wide,
Is all an unknown land to me
And waters of an unknown sea.
The narrow bourne wherein I move,
This little home of hate and love,
Within whose set diurnal round
By strongest fate my feet are bound,
Has light upon it from afar,
As when a dungeon's iron bar
Crosses the splendour of a star!
This world of memory and care,
This cave of thought, this cell of prayer,
This House of Life in which I dwell,
Is vast as heaven and deep as hell,
And what it is I cannot tell.
Of this alone my mind is sure, —
That in my place I must endure
To work and wait, and, like the flower
That takes the sunshine and the shower,
To bide in peace the passing hour;
To know the world is sweet and fair,
Though life be rooted fast in care;
To watch the far-off light of heaven,
Yet ask no more than what is given,
Content to take what nature brings
Of all inexplicable things,
Content to know what I have known,
And live and die and make no moan.

H. H.

IN LATE AUTUMN.

PRIMROSE and cowslip have I gathered here,
Anemone and hiding violet,
When April sang the Spring song of the year:
Now all is changed; the Autumn day is wet
With clouds blown from the West, and vapours
fold
Over the dropping woods and vacant wold;
The latest flower of the field is dead;
The birds that sang to me are mute or fled,
Save one that like a larger berry clings
On the green holly bush, and sings and sings
A farewell to the sun that, low and pale,
Lightens a wild sky like a distant fire;
The wind beats on the tree-tops like a flail,
And strews the red leaves in the pools and mire.
October, 1868. Cornhill Magazine.

From The Temple Bar.
THE BATTLE OF FONTENAYE, A.D. 841.

BY SIR EDWARD CRESSY.

No. I.

"Lothair relied on his claims recognized by the clergy; the Germans, combined with the southern French, challenged him to submit them to the judgment of Heaven by battle. Then it was that the great array of the Frankish Empire split into two hostile masses: the one containing a preponderance of Roman, the other of Germanic elements. The former defended the unity of the Empire; the latter demanded, according to their German ideas, its separation. There is a ballad extant on the Battle of Fontenaye, in which one of the combatants expresses his grief at this bloody war of fellow-citizens and brethren:

'On that bitter night in which the brave fell, the skilful in fight.'

For the destiny of the West, it was decisive."

RANKE, "Hist. Reformation," vol. I., p. 13.

It is now nearly twenty years since the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" were first published. During that time, I have received many suggestions as to other battles, that might be included in the catalogue of "Decisives:" and the events of the three great wars since 1850, — of the Crimean War, the American War, and the War between Austria and Prussia, — have more than once made me think that I ought to add a sixteenth, and possibly a seventeenth, to my list. But, after careful reflection, it has always seemed best to leave the old number unaltered. With respect to recent battles, the fact that they are recent is, of itself, enough to forbid any one of them being, at present, recognized as one of "those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world, in all its subsequent scenes." Let us, for a minute, consider the recent battle, which has been the very greatest of them in its immediate result. I mean the battle of Sadowa. Austria now appears to be thoroughly humiliated by that defeat, and to be thrust down from her old station in the highest rank of European States. Prussia now appears to be elevated and aggrandized in even a higher proportion. But Austria has been as low before, and yet has rallied. In 1618, a victorious army of insurgent Bohemians were pouring their bullets into the very Archducal palace at Vienna; the sovereign of Austria (afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand II.) was urged by a deputation from his own heredi-

tary states to capitulate; but he stood firm, and his firmness was rewarded, in two years, by the recovery of Bohemia, and by the conquest of the Palatinates. In 1631, Austria lay again defeated, and apparently helpless and hopeless. There seemed to be no existing power that could save her from dismemberment by the conquering sword of Gustavus Adolphus. Again the tide turned in her favour; and after a long vicissitude of victory and defeat, she emerged from the Thirty Years War, scarred and weakened by many blows, but still a first-class European power. In 1683, it appeared impossible that she could be rescued from the Hungarians, whom she had driven into insurrection by her tyranny, and from the victorious Turks, who were besieging her capital. Yet in fifteen years from that time Austria had driven her enemies south of the Danube; she had half conquered Bosnia and Servia; and her armies might have advanced to Constantinople, if the Emperor Leopold had not preferred to close his triumphant warfare in the East, and to prepare for the unexpected war of the Spanish succession in the West. In 1740, at the accession of Maria Theresa, France, Spain, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria — almost every European power except England, Holland and Turkey — joined in making war upon a young and apparently feeble sovereign; and the dismemberment of the Austrian dominions seemed to be inevitable. Yet the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, left Austria impaired only by the loss of Silesia, and, in the main, strong, victorious, and with the different parts of her wide dominions far better knit together than before the war. Let us come to events nearer to our own age; let us view the Austria, that struggled so often, so tenaciously, but for a long time so calamitously against revolutionary and imperial France. How precarious must her chance, not merely of retaining her old dignity in Europe, but of preserving her independence and national existence, have appeared after Austerlitz! After Wagram, it was more frail and desperate still. Yet she survived, to be the recognized chief among the allied powers, that conquered her late conqueror; and her sovereigns exercised for more than thirty years (from 1814 to 1848) more authority

than had been enjoyed by any of their predecessors since the time of Charles V. After tracing such alterations in Austria's fortunes during the past, the man must be a bold one who confidently predicts them for the future. There may be more Radetzky's still among the armies, capable of changing reverse to victory, and of rivalling the military frame of Tilly, of Wallenstein, of Merci, of Montecuculi, of Lorraine, of Eugene, of Dahn, and of the Archduke Charles.

On the other side, it is enough to remember Jena, if we want to find in history a lesson, how a single great military reverse may, in a few hours, turn back the triumphant career of a great military monarchy.

To use a forensic metaphor, the verdict of Sadowa may be set aside, and may be reversed on a new trial; and while there is any reasonable possibility of this being the case, the arbitrament of battle given at Sadowa — grand and terrible as it undoubtedly was! — cannot be accepted as decisive and final. At least, a generation must pass away before it can be so regarded. The historian in such matters is right in following the course, which Horace censures in the Critic.

"Qui redit ad Fastos, virtutemque æstimat annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit."

I turn back, therefore, to the battles of former times; and among them I find one, marked by Palgrave as memorable in the history of mankind; a conflict followed by a treaty of which (to quote Palgrave's words) "the history of modern Europe is an exposition."* This is the battle of Fontenaye, which was fought on the 25th of June, A.D. 841, between the forces of the Emperor Lothaire, aided by the Aquitains under their young Count Pepin, on one side, and the forces of Lothaire's two brothers, Louis le Germanique, and Charles le Chauve, on the other. I do not absolutely class it as equal in importance to the fifteen, which I, many years ago, selected, and to the list of which I still adhere. But Fontenaye is one of the three which seem to me to rank next to the fifteen; and it is

certainly the battle, which I had most often been disposed to group with them. It would have found its place, in due chronological order, between the battle of Tours, fought in 732, A.D., and the battle of Hastings, fought in 1066.

Fontenaye decided the separation of modern Germany from modern France. It is scarcely possible to open a history of modern Europe, and to read many consecutive pages in it, without noticing the persistent antagonism of Germany and France, and without feeling how much their rivalry has influenced the course of events throughout Christendom, and, indeed, throughout the world. When, after the Capetian had succeeded to the Carolingian dynasty, France, under Philip Augustus, began to acquire consolidation and power, we see the Emperor Otho attacking her, but driven back by the important victory which King Philip obtained, in 1214, over Otho and his German troops, and over Otho's English allies under the long-sworded Earl of Salisbury, at Bovines. We see the Emperor Frederick II., in the thirteenth century, checked in his schemes of conquest; and we see the last of the Hohenstoffs cut off from the face of the earth, through the aid given to their Papal enemies by French princes and French armies. The fourteenth century shows us the Emperor Louis of Bavaria forming an alliance with our Edward III.; the fifteenth century shows us the Emperor Sigismund confederated with our Henry V. against France. Then comes the rivalry of Maximilian with Charles VIII. and Louis XII.: and then follows the still more memorable series of contests between Charles V. and Francis I. Add to all this the effective share taken in the Thirty Years War by Cardinal Richelieu and his generals against the Imperialists. Hostility against the Empire by open warfare or state intrigue or by both, marked nearly the whole of the long reign of Louis XIV. In his successor's time, though France, when she engaged in the Seven Years War, took the unusual part of a confederate of Austria, it was against a North German power that she was contending, when she lost Rosbach. On coming nearer to our times, we find a number of battles between French and Germans, which, if set out in full, would occupy pages.

* "History of Normandy and England," vol. I. p. 246.

Valmi, Jemappes, Stockach, Arcola, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Jena, Aspern, Wagram, Lutzen, Dresden, Leipsic, are but a few of them. These were all in the times of the first French Republic, and the first French Empire. In the journals of our own age we have read of Solferino; and few will now affirm with confidence that there will be no renewal of warfare between Frank and Teuton before the close of the present century, or even before the close of the present year.*

Yet, when at the beginning of that first part of modern history, which is commonly called "Medieval," Germany and France were emerging into civilisation, the one out of her primitive free barbarism, the other out of the chaos created by the downfall of the ancient Roman Empire of the West, they were both under the same ruler, — they both formed parts of the same new empire, — of an empire well knit together, and which seemed in no way likely to be so cloven asunder, that out of it there should be formed on the two opposite sides of the Rhine, two nations widely differing from each other in national character and in language, and destined to strive against each other for centuries, of which we know not yet the end.

The most striking characteristic of the empire, which Charlemagne founded, and which he long maintained, is not its extent — though that is certainly marvellous; but the unity, and the organisation which he established within its ample frontiers. He reigned over all the countries from the Elbe to the Ebro; and he reigned over them, not as Oriental conquerors have often reigned over regions almost equally vast — without any fixed system, or any real subordination of the conquered population to their titular sovereign: Charlemagne maintained an orderly, an homogeneous, and a firm government; a few only of the more distant, and most recently acquired provinces, were mere tributaries retaining their own laws. The old veneration for the Emperor — the Cæsar of the ancient Roman rule — had never died away: and when Charles, on the Christmas Day of the year 800, was solemnly crowned at Rome by Pope Leo,

* I might have added, "before the close of the present month."

and was proclaimed "Cæsar Augustus," he acquired an accession of dignity, in the eyes of his subjects of every race, such as no number of victories in the field could of themselves have bestowed on him.

All things at this time tended, throughout reviving western and central Europe, to promote the idea, that the sole, true form of government for its various nations, was to unite them, and to keep them united under one supreme temporal head — the Emperor, beneath whose centralising sovereignty they were to form one State, even as beneath the paramount supremacy of the Pope in things spiritual they were to form one Church. Thus only could effectual resistance be made to the Mahometan enemies of Christendom, — enemies who professed obedience to one true Caliph, and whose triumphs were attributed to the divisions which had existed among those whom they assailed.

The clergy zealously preached the duty of loyalty to the Emperor. They thought that the unity of the Empire was essential for the unity of the Church. Moreover, the Cæsar who in one part of the ceremony of an imperial coronation had been anointed by the Pope, ceased to be a mere layman. The passages of Scripture, which enjoin reverence to the Lord's anointed, were quoted, as applying to the Cæsar, always August, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans." This sentiment was felt as strongly to the west as to the east of the Rhine. To the very last, amid the fatal feuds of the descendants of the great Charles, the clergy appealed to it, and strove to revive it. To the very last, they protested against the breaking up of the united dominion; and they long uttered in their uncouth Latin verses their passionate regrets for the time, when there was one kingdom, and when all the races of mankind comprised within that kingdom were blended together as a single people.

Charlemagne's successor on the throne of his mighty empire was his son, the Emperor Louis, whom French chroniclers have termed, *Louis-le-Débonnaire*, — a phrase which may perhaps be best translated as, *Louis the Meek*. He was a prince not deficient in understanding or in learning, or even in personal courage. But he had a

gentleness and pliability of disposition, which was fatal to a ruler placed in such an arduous station. Very submissive to the Church, but swayed also in his latter years by his second wife, and passionately fond of his younger children, he was easily led to join in schemes for providing for them by grants of dominion carved out of the empire. He was, on the other hand, unable to resist the authority of his churchmen in the great council, which was held at Aix-la-Chapelle in 817. Bishop Agobard, speaking in the name of the clergy of the realm, exclaimed, that "the empire must not be divided: it must be one empire." It was accordingly decreed that, on the death of Louis, the undivided sovereignty should pass to his elder son, Lothaire, who was recognised as Emperor even in his father's lifetime. The younger brothers were to bear the title of kings, and they were to rule provinces under him; but they were to pay him homage and tribute: they could not make peace or war, without his sanction; they were liable to be deposed by him, if they were contumacious to the imperial will.

When Louis-le-Débonnaire closed, in 840, a reign full of dissensions, calamities, rebellions, and civil wars, his eldest son, the Emperor Lothaire, on whom, according to the constitution of 817, the whole imperial sovereignty was now to devolve, was actual ruler over Italy; and he had numerous partizans in the other provinces of the empire. Another son of Louis-le-Débonnaire, who is called in history Louis-le-Germanique, was ruling in Germany; and the younger brother, Charles the Bald, was in power in central and northern France. The south of France and the imperial possessions in northern Spain were under the government of a young prince of the Carolingian family, named Pepin, who was the child of a deceased son of the late Emperor.

Lothaire was determined to be Emperor, in fact as well as in title, over the whole dominions of Charlemagne. He required that every man throughout the empire should take the oath of allegiance to him, Lothaire, as sovereign lord and master. The penalty for refusing or neglecting to do this was death.

Lothaire's nephew—young Pepin of Aquitaine, who had been hard pressed by Charles the Bald—was willing to acquiesce in Lothaire's permanent and effective sovereignty. But with German Louis and Charles the Bald the case was far different. Each of them was resolved to keep a firm grasp on the provinces which he held, and to hold him-

self free from all control or interference. They were willing to allow to their elder brother, as the Emperor Lothaire, a ceremonious acknowledgment of his high rank, and a titular precedence in all state formalities; but neither of them would abate one jot of his independent power. Each of them probably felt that, in order to be safe he must be powerful; and it was an age in which treachery and perjury had been so abundant, that no man could trust his life to the security of oaths or compacts. None of the three sons of Louis-le-Débonnaire was likely to feel any scruple about engaging in this war of the imperial succession, on the ground of its being a war of brother against brother. They had all three become well practised in fratricidal animosity, by several former wars of the same character. Two of them had been repeatedly in arms against their own father.

Neither Louis-le-Germanique nor Charles-le-Chauve was strong enough to contend single-handed against the Emperor Lothaire. They leagued together, accordingly to oppose their elder brother; and, on the other side, young Pepin of Aquitaine became the willing confederate of the Emperor against the Kings of Germany and France. The greatest possible preparations were made on each side for the coming contest, which all parties intended to be final and conclusive. Each ruler drained the provinces under his command of their best troops, and each drew his army nearer to the expected central scenes of conflict, leaving the frontiers of the empire totally unguarded, and the estuaries of its great rivers unprotected, as if the world around the imperial dominions had contained none but friendly or feeble tribes, and as if a season of external calm had been secured, during which the grandsons of Charlemagne might fight out their rival pretensions to the inheritance.

Yet it was a time, when the most complete union and co-operation of the princes and powers of every kind that the empire contained, were required for defence against foreign enemies; and when the removal of the armies from the frontiers left the wretched population that dwelt near them, a helpless prey to the almost incessant attacks of ferocious barbarians.

Charlemagne's Empire had been founded by the sword, and it could be upheld only by the sword. Throughout his long reign, that monarch had been engaged in nearly unremitting warfare against the Mahometans of the south, and against the still pagan nations of Europe to the east of his dominions. His wars are called wars of conquest, and

he is reproached with having been ambitious. He may have been, and he probably was so; but it is certain that most of the wars which brought him conquest, were wars essentially necessary for his defence. He reigned over a civilised and a wealthy realm; and he might justly boast that much of its civilisation and wealth was due to him. It was his duty, as it must have been his pride, to protect that wealth and civilisation. But, beyond his realm — along many of its landward boundaries and on the opposite coasts of its seas — there were whole nations of warriors, poor, uncivilised, but possessing a not inconsiderable amount of military institutions and discipline; men of great personal strength and natural high courage; men whose very religion taught them to love warfare and to despise danger. By his wars against the pagan Germanic tribes of the Continent, Charlemagne prevented them from assailing and destroying the civilised empire which he had raised; and, by the strong hand of conquest, he moulded many of the fiercest of those nations into most valuable members of his empire. It was not until the old age of the great Emperor, that the Scandinavian kinsmen of the Germans whom he had subdued, appeared, in their piratical fleets, along the coast of Gaul. But before his death they had begun to infest even the Mediterranean. Charlemagne is said to have seen with his own eyes a squadron of those northern sea-rovers enter the port of a city in Southern Gaul, where he was residing for a time. They were soon driven off by the Emperor's forces; but Charlemagne watched them from the window of his tower long and anxiously, until the last sail disappeared from the horizon. He then turned to his attendant nobles, and they saw that he had tears in his eyes. Observing their surprise, he said to them, "Do you know, my friends, why I weep? It is not that I fear for myself any ill from these corsairs. But I mourn that they should approach this shore, even while I am living; and my grief is bitter when I think upon the miseries which they will bring upon my descendants, and upon the coming generations of my people." Charlemagne knew probably the weak character of his heir in the empire, and he foresaw that Louis-le-Débonnaire would never adopt the bold, vigorous policy which his sire would probably have chosen, and have followed out, if the Scandinavian sea-rovers had appeared on the imperial coasts a few years earlier, — the policy of equipping adequate armaments for an effective attack on the pirates in their own dens, so as to stop their maraudings abroad by conquering them at home.

But Charlemagne, though he predicted that this new enemy would bring evil upon his empire, could never have foreseen the extent of that evil, or how it would be encouraged by the internecine dissensions of Frankish princes one with another. Throughout the reign of Louis-le-Débonnaire, the Northmen harassed the empire with continually increasing audacity. But still some attempts were made by the Franks to protect the seaboard, and at any rate to check the invaders from penetrating far into the interior. For this last purpose, forts were built and troops were stationed along the lower courses of the great rivers, to prevent the piratical flotillas from sailing up them, and plundering the wealthy cities along their banks. But now the descendants of Charlemagne — intent only on their struggle with each other — called together for the civil war the garrisons and detachments which had hitherto, to some extent, performed this important duty against the Scandinavian spoilers. The natural result was that the Northmen now penetrated regions, which had hitherto been free from their devastations. In the second year of the civil war, in 841, Jarl Oskar (one of the most renowned among the sea-kings of the North) sailed up the unguarded estuary of the Seine, and sacked and burned the great city of Rouen.

The Northmen were the most terrible, but they were not the only foreign foes of the empire at this crisis. The Saracens of lower Italy boldly assailed the centre and north of that peninsula. Fleets of other Mahometans — from Northern Africa and Spain — cruised along the wasted coasts of the Northern Mediterranean; they sailed up the Rhone, and established fortified posts along its banks, whence they marauded over Provence and Burgundy. In East Germany, many of the Slavonic tribes, which Charlemagne had subdued, were in insurrection against the dominant Teutonic race. These insurgents were largely aided by their brethren from beyond the Elbe and the Oder. The whole Carlovingian Empire seemed to be encircled with fire and sword by foreign foes; while its chiefs, neglecting the pressure and the peril from without, armed themselves and their followers, and concentrated all their resources for internal warfare of the most rancorous and desperate description.

Hostilities commenced in 840 — the very year of their father's death. Lothaire, who appears to have been over-confident in his strength, crossed the Alps northward with a hastily prepared army, but received a severe check from the Germans, who ad-

hered to his brother Louis; and a division of his troops, which had been sent by him to operate westward of the Rhine, was defeated near Chalons. But these were mere preliminary blows, aimed and given before either party was in full strength. During the winter of 840, and the spring of 841, they completed their preparations. Lothaire again took the offensive, and marched through south-eastern into central Gaul. He had many adherents among the Burgundians, and he took a station near Auxerre, where he waited until he should be joined by his nephew, Pepin, and the contingents of Aquitaine, Navarre, and Upper Arragon.

Meanwhile King Louis and King Charles had completed their levies; and had joined each other in a march to confront Lothaire. The intelligence of the sack of Rouen by the Northmen reached King Charles about this time, and caused him so much alarm, that he and his brother, Louis, opened negotiations with Lothaire. The Emperor affected to entertain them cordially, and pretended a vehement desire to be reconciled to his brethren; but this was only done by him in order to gain time for the Aquitanian reinforcements. On the 24th of June, young Pepin and his troops entered Lothaire's camp, and the Emperor then scornfully dismissed his brother's messengers, and refused to listen to any more words of peace. The Confederate Kings then formally bade him battle. Lothaire haughtily accepted their challenge, and called on them to name the time and place. They answered, "Let the time be to-morrow morning, two hours after midnight; the place—Fontenaye." "So be it," replied Lothaire; and each solemnly appealed to the coming battle as to the judgment of Heaven between them.

There are no means for ascertaining the real numbers that fought, or the real numbers that fell, on either side at Fontenaye. We cannot gain any clear idea of the array of either army; of the tactics, if any, that were followed; or of the movements of the respective troops immediately before the battle, and while it was raging. But we have the rare advantage of possessing two original contemporaneous accounts of it, written by men of high rank, who were present at the engagement, — and written by men on different sides. One of these accounts is to be found in a rhythmical Latin poem written by Count Angelbert, a devoted partisan of the Emperor. Count Angelbert's brother, Count Nithard, fought on the other side, as a follower of King Charles-le-Chauve. The King had requested Nithard to write a chronicle of the war;

and it is in the chronicle so written that we find the best narrative of the battle of Fontenaye, and the events connected with it. Both brothers were brave men, and both survived the battle. Angelbert tells us, in his simple soldier-Latin, that he fought in the front rank, and that at the battle's close, no one except himself, out of the many warriors who had made up the imperialist front rank in the morning, was standing alive on Fontenaye.* We know no more of the personal history of Angelbert. Count Nithard survived, and did his duty bravely to the King, whom he served, for a few years longer. He was then killed by a blow from a Northman's battle-axe. Both brothers speak deplorably of the terrible carnage that was wrought by Christians upon fellow-Christians at Fontenaye. This thought seems to have predominated in the minds of both over their party feelings. The battle seems to have been obstinately contested for the greater part of the long summer day; and the slaughter wrought in such prolonged strife, between large masses of infantry fighting hand to hand (which was the general mode in which Frankish warriors fought), must have been enormous. The Emperor Lothaire appears to have gained a temporary advantage, in the part of the field where he fought in person. Count Angelbert praises his Caesar's personal valour, and complains of the faint-hearted and treacherous followers who failed to emulate their sovereign's prowess. But, eventually, the Imperialists were forced off the field: the victory was with King Louis and King Charles; but it was a victory so dearly won, that they were unable to pursue the beaten foe, and to complete the ruin of his army. The conquerors halted on the battle-field; and they were filled with remorse, according to Count Nithard, at the extent of the slaughter of Christian warriors. His brother's stanzas mourn over the carnage and wreck of the Frankish race which heaped up village, fountain, and stream, field, grove, and marsh, at Fontenaye. In scriptural phrase he prays that neither dew nor rain may ever descend upon the accursed place "where fell the brave, the skilled in fight."†

* "Hoc autem scelus peractum,
Quod descripsi rhythmicis;
Angelbertus ego vidi:
Pugnansque cum aliis,
Solsus e multis remansi
Prima frontis acie."

See *Angelbertus de bello quod fueret Fontaneto*,

"Rec. des Hist." vii. 304.

† "Fontanetum fontem dicunt
Villam quoque rusticam
In qua strages et ruinae
Franeorum de sanguine:
Horrent campi, horrent silvae
Horrent ipsae paludes."

But though he had inflicted such dreadful loss on his brothers' armies in the battle, that their realms remained almost drained of defenders, and the Northmen thenceforth spoiled Gaul at their will, without meeting any resistance worthy of the old renown of Frankish valour, the Emperor Lothaire felt that his ambitious scheme of uniting France, Germany, and Italy under his single sceptre, was baffled for ever at Fontenaye. His troops had suffered still more severely than the victors. Many of the nobles and of the prelates north of the Alps, who had been willing to support him while he appeared likely to be successful, fell off from him after his defeat. He, like his brothers, had already drained the resources of the regions which formed the stronghold of his power. He, too, had foreign enemies, who devastated his exposed frontiers. The war lingered a little longer, but there were no battles. It was, however, during this languid last part of the war, that a compact was made between Charles and Louis, of little consequence in itself, but of the greatest possible interest to the philologist, and of very great importance to the historian; because the language, or rather, the languages of that compact have been preserved. Anticipating a second campaign against the Emperor, the two Kings took again an oath of alliance with each other; and each took it in the presence of the other's army. Each, therefore, employed a language which the other's soldiery understood. King Charles-le-Chauve's oath was pronounced in German; but King Louis-le-Germanique, in order that he might be intelligible to the followers of King Charles-le-Chauve, pronounced a form of oath in the language then current in the country, which had formerly been Gaul, and had not yet acquired the name of France. The staple of that language is the Latin dialect of the old Romano-Gallic provincials; but it was largely affected by terminations and idioms belonging to the old German language of the Franks. It shows that the conquering Germanic tribes,—the Franks, the Burgundians, the Goths, and the Suevi, and others, who had planted themselves in Gaul,—were now beginning to blend with the numerically superior population, which they had conquered. It shows that the natural time was now coming for Frankish victors and vanquished Gallo-Romans to form one nation, distinct from the Germans, who remained on the eastern side of the Rhine.

Græmen illud ros et imber,
Nec humectet pluvia;
In quo fortes occiderunt,
Prælio doctissimi.

Angilbertus ut supra.

A congress—with a view to a permanent pacification between Lothaire, Louis, and Charles—was opened at Coblenz, in 842. Its avowed object was the division of the Empire between those three. Young Pepin of Aquitaine was sacrificed without scruple. After numerous surveys, calculations and discussions as to boundaries, there was a final meeting at Verdun, in 843; and then the treaty was executed, which attests the permanent effect of the battle of Fontenaye, in making Germany and France separate and independent realms. The treaty purported to deal primarily with the interests of Lothaire. He, as the eldest of the three—as anointed Cæsar Augustus—took Italy and Rome, the ancient seat of empire. By virtue of the same Imperial dignity, he claimed and received Charlemagne's capital, Aix-la-Chapelle. To join these two capitals (and probably with the wish of effectually parting his brothers' kingdoms,) Lothaire had also assigned to him a long narrow territory, called Lotharingia, stretching from the Alps and the Mediterranean to the North Seas,—having the Rhine on its east, and the Rhone and the Moselle on its west. Part of this territory still bears the name of Lorraine. This part of the treaty is very important. It deprived the new realm which was about to become France, of the old frontier of the Rhine, which had been enjoyed by ancient Gaul. The other main parts of the treaty of Verdun are those which assigned in full and independent sovereignty to Louis-le-Germanique Charlemagne's dominions east of the Rhine; and to King Charles-le-Chauve all that lay to the west of the portion given to the Emperor Lothaire. King Charles thus took as an independent sovereign, Neustria, Brittany, and Aquitaine. These, with additions in after ages, became the kingdom of France.

The crowns of Italy, Germany, and France were, in 885, united on the head of Charles-le-Gros; but this reunion was brought about almost casually, and had no permanence. With this nominal exception (and, perhaps, with the exception also of the brief period for which Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, was also Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and practical, though not titular, master of defeated Austria and Prussia,) the judgment of battle given at Fontenaye, and ratified at Verdun, has been decisive. Germany and France have steadily preserved their mutual independence, and have too constantly exhibited a mutual antagonism in the long and tangled web of the politics of mediæval and modern Europe.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CROWS AND THE EAGLE.

WHEN he started from London in health and hope, little could Hugh Childersleigh have foreseen that the hours of his Company were numbered; that he should be still in life, and yet the last of all concerned in it to hear of its untimely end. It was a telegram from Mr. Cropper, of Childersleighs, to his chief, that, anticipating the London journals, announced the catastrophe at Killoden. Sir Basil heard of it with utter indifference; not so, Purkiss; and no wonder indeed. That gentleman, to do him justice, had felt his brother's death, yet he found the virtue of resignation came easily to him, as he reflected how all was ordered for the best, and that he was left the eldest and only son of his wealthy House. He sympathized with his father; but personal experience told him sentimental afflictions, however deeply they cut, are not the strokes that leave the most lasting wounds; that time and reason bring unailing salves for the accidents that happen to our neighbours, even when our neighbours are our nearest. Yet with it all, for a brief space, never had he been so little in Lombard Street in spirit since the day when he first seated himself on a stool in the ancestral hive. So very naturally a reaction of regret for wasted time had set in, and he longed impatiently for the moment when his body might once more be reunited to his soul, and return like it to the City. He felt his presence at Killoden to be altogether superfluous; that the girls could do much more efficiently all he was supposed to be there for; and in feeling so, no doubt, he showed his accustomed intelligence. Then came Cropper's telegram to make him rue more bitterly than before the weakness that had made so extravagant a sacrifice of duty to feeling; to make him realize how relatively light had been the sorrow that had been troubling them of late. Now, indeed, he was brought face to face with misfortune, and in losing what makes life worth the having, had a foretaste of the bitterness of death. This suspension of the *Crédit Foncier* meant—1st. The loss of a heavy sum invested in its shares. 2. The contingencies involved in probable calls. 3. The imperilling of certain advances made recently by Childersleighs upon securities that might prove inadequate if not illusory. And 4th. The closing of a valuable account that had promised to become more valuable still. Truly troubles never come singly, and what had he done that, with his unremitting attention to business, he should be

victimized wholesale in this fashion? How intensely all the old hate came back for the sick man in the other room!

He read the fatal telegram to Sir Basil, and the old man simply observed, "Stopped is it? Poor Hugh!"

The evidence of childish feebleness, of the utter wreck of mind and perversion of moral sense, came more home to his son than anything had done yet; but, suppressing an irritation surely most excusable, he expatiated on all it involved to themselves. The old man only raised his head listlessly to drop his eyes on the lake again, and murmured, "Ah, well, it does not much signify now; but perhaps, Purkiss, you had better leave us—Cropper may want you."

"I should think so, indeed. It would have been better I had left before, or never come," muttered Purkiss. "Well, good-by, sir; there's no time to be lost, and I shall be off at once."

Sir Basil let his hand be lifted and shaken without the faintest pressure in response; but as his only remaining son had reached the door, he started up and called him back to throw his arm affectionately over his shoulder.

"God bless you, Purkiss, if we should never see each other again! Everything seems going now, and in the midst of life we are in death."

"God bless you, sir—good-by," returned Purkiss, really touched for the moment, and with unusual feeling.

Maude came to meet him as he descended from superintending the packing of his portmanteau—

"Do tell me, Purkiss, what does all this mean: the telegram and this sudden start of yours? Surely, my father must be wandering when he talks of the stoppage of the *Crédit Foncier*."

"Too true, Maude, worse luck for me. A disgraceful, atrocious business;" and happy to find an interested listener, he poured out his own grievances in some detail.

"Poor Hugh!" sighed his sister, when he had done. "What a blow this may be to him in his present state. You'll say good-by to him, Purkiss, won't you? God knows if it may not be for the last time; but I greatly fear the worst."

"No such luck," returned her brother, with a look of frank hatred that made her start back from him. "You need not doubt, Maude, that he will be spared to make us more mischief yet." And with that parting piece of comfort Purkiss was gone.

Although still very weak, before the arrival of these unlucky tidings Hugh had been

pronounced out of danger. Days before, he had regained his consciousness, but he had lain in moody silence, only returning brief thanks for the attentions bestowed on him, or answering to inquiries in curt monosyllables. He seemed the helpless prey of a single devouring thought. He had never made the most distant allusion to those business matters that had held possession of his mind, until the doctors, who had, at first, given strict warning against any reference to them, began to question seriously whether it might not be better and wiser to try them as a means of distraction. It was his great vigour of constitution that gave him his best chance in this second grapple with time, that buoyed him up when a weaker man must have gone on sinking steadily; and if he could only be recalled to some of his old objects of interest, that vigour might be rallied actively to his aid. In the changed circumstances, the stimulant they had thought of venturing on seemed only too likely to be fatal.

When the telegram reached Purkiss, McAlpine, who had been keeping alternate watches with Rushbrook in his friend's sick-room, chanced to be at his own home at Baragoil; Rushbrook had sent it on to him straight, and a few hours saw him at Killo-den *en route* for London.

"I had just time to take you on my way to the train, Miss Childersleigh," he said. "I could not go without saying good-by to you all, having a word with Rushbrook, and one other look at Hugh, poor fellow. I can do him more good in London than here, and only wish for his sake I had been there before. I fear he may be badly in want of friends. But who could have foreseen all this, or even guessed that that black-hearted little scoundrel Hemprigge would have played the mischief with us in this way?"

"Good-by, Mr. McAlpine; you are right, I am sure, and if he does want a friend he could not have a better or stauncher one than you. But you say nothing of your own loss, and that, I fear, must be a heavy one?"

"I can put up with it and have more left than I need. It's no use crying over spilled milk, and if there is to be a moan made over it, I leave it to my nephew Peter McAlpine, who counts on my succession I don't doubt. And remember, until you hear from me, not a word about all this to Hugh. If I have to fetch away Rushbrook, I'll write to you; and if I should have occasion to do it, I shall keep nothing back. I shall trust to you to act as you think best; I know I cannot trust to a kinder heart or wiser head. Yet this business makes us all

selfish, and I am grieved at having to trouble you in the midst of your heavier sorrow."

"We must not neglect the living for the dead, Mr. McAlpine. My poor brother would have been the last to wish me to sacrifice his dearest friend to his memory."

Her tears were falling fast, and McAlpine drew his own hand across his eyes, as he withdrew from the room to take a hasty farewell to the others. Two days after he was in London and Lothbury. What a change since he had last passed these mighty portals, and crossed that spacious hall! Now, instead of the doors flung open to all comers, one of the great leaves was jealously bolted, and the other vigilantly guarded against applicants who could be possibly excluded. The giant porter, who, to his own swelling admiration, was wont to air his portly figure on the steps, now, in his diminished self-respect, courted the cool seclusion of the interior; was short to incivility in his answers, and suspiciously opened the door by inches, for parleys or the passage of callers. The *of no less* of these were turned over to the heads of the irresponsible staff, who in their unaffected ignorance and the utter confusion of their faculties, gave involuntarily diplomatic replies that sent away the anxious inquirer more hopelessly puzzled than they came. The council-room had become a chamber of slow torture to its members; the great council board was garnished with pale and gloomy faces, and encircled with fevered frames. All of them had been victimized, tricked and juggled. All alike were heavy sufferers; some of the poorer and less sanguine sat cowering beneath the threatening form and glassy stare of the phantom ruin. Many of them had pressing business calling them elsewhere, and the sharp lesson they were learning told them how little trust they could place in any one or in any thing; yet the natural anxiety to know the best or worst of this held them where they were. In the gradations of misery that wrung them, none perhaps suffered more intensely than Sir Ralph Palliser; and even the stern Muscovites, whose intrigues he had so often detected and baffled, might have compassionated the luckless diplomat. As cheque after cheque was presented to him for acknowledgment, carelessly signed by him to be cashed by Hemprigge, he had to listen at peril of apoplexy to language that a week before would have seemed blasphemous outrage. Accusations and recriminations, indeed, flew hither and thither like snow-balls in a street fight; there were only brief suspensions of hostilities when the combatants, by one consent, concentrated

the common fire on their late Governor and Managing Director. What gave an honest virulence to the proceedings of the meeting was, that all were so thoroughly conscious of having acted uprightly, and being the deeply-wronged victims of circumstances. They had endangered their character and credit, as well as losing their money; yet they were the objects of abuse and menaces of impeachment to the fellow-sufferers who blasted round their gates.

Uprightly as the directors might have acted, had strict justice held the scales, the verdict perhaps might have been that all this indignation and abuse was only their honest due. We are apt to forget there are cases when omission becomes well-nigh as grave a crime as any overt deed; when inaction and indifference are the most flagrant of breaches of confidence. It does not follow that the man is innocent, or even a commonplace culprit, who devotes to the business he undertakes for other people the amount of inattention he habitually bestows on his own. It may be a venial offence to act after your nature, and do as you please with your own; but it becomes something like moral felony, when, for the sake of name and gain, you push yourself forward into the office of trustee, and then make ducks and drakes of the money whose charge you have courted. The higher your position the greater your responsibility, because the more fatal the advertisement to which you lend your name; and great is the fall and widespread the ruin when a house comes down that has been propped by men of unimpeachable fame. The Directors of the *Crédit Foncier* had directed nothing, and could only sit tongue-tied and conscience-stricken when asked to render an account of their stewardship.

The absent, we know, are always in the wrong, and the ceremonial of the scapegoat, although inaugurated under the Jewish dispensation, has been extensively popularized among Pagans and Christians in every age. Hemprigge had placed himself in the meantime beyond the reach of blows and bruises; all he had left behind him was what character he had, and there was small satisfaction in abusing that. It is disheartening work setting yourself to blacken a blackamoor. But with Hugh Childersleigh, it was altogether another thing. There was genuine pleasure in pelting the man who had stood so high above the reach of evil tongues, and had trodden the City scarcely splashed by its mud. The veil had been torn down from the idol, and in the figure they had blindly adored as the god of fortune, they

fancied they recognized the cloven foot. The most grovelling of his worshippers were the most vindictive; and it was the individuals who had been the loudest in his praise who had now heaped him with charges and curses.

"Don't tell me!" shouted one of them, in reply to a gentleman who had dared to insinuate that Childersleigh was scarcely likely to have courted almost certain death to give a colour to his absence at an awkward time. "Don't tell me! There's no fathoming the dodges of a fellow like that. When men like Childersleigh set themselves to be scoundrels, honest people haven't a chance; and I don't say Childersleigh is not clever—very far from it. To do him justice, he's clever enough, and all the worse for us. When I think of those humbugging speeches of his—"

"But is he a scoundrel?—that's just the question."

"Is not Hemprigge a scoundrel? Answer me that. You don't mean to defend him, I suppose."

The other conceded the point eagerly and cordially, becoming seriously uneasy on his own account: for his interlocutor was six feet high and in the humour of the wounded beast, who closes its teeth on anything within its reach; and his menacing indignation seemed not unlikely to take a personal turn.

"Very well, then. The two laid their heads together to start the company. You won't deny that, I fancy? Have they not gone hand-and-glove ever since; as thick as the thieves they are? Has not Childersleigh all these years been quietly pocketing the commissions that should have gone to us, or to the reserve fund at any rate? Has he not sold his shares, foreseeing as he well might, what was to happen to us, until now he holds fewer than I do? Is it not his ruinous policy Hemprigge has been carrying out these last few weeks—I have it on the best authority, from one of the Directors—until at last he has handed us where we are? And do you mean to tell me he won't go halves in the booty Hemprigge has bolted with, when all this has blown over and we have sat quietly down with our empty pockets. Mark my words: this accident is a plant, and the illness a humbug; and when it suits him, he'll rise from his bed as strong as you or I at this moment; if he ever was down on it, that is, which I very greatly doubt. Bah—h—h! I know him!" and there was a world of vindictiveness in the brief peroration he hissed out.

That was an extreme statement of the

case against Hugh, but its separate articles were subscribed to very generally among the shareholders. They had been robbed and many of them ruined, in a Company which he had set agoing and administered with almost absolute power; and he could scarcely hope for either consideration or justice when they brought him up for summary judgment. That close connection with Hemprigge he had so heavily reproached himself with of late—the intimacy that had existed for the public to the last, although, in reality, it had been long before brought to a close—now condemned him in a damning complicity. True, few of the shareholders let their passion so far master their common sense as to pronounce him art and part in the Manager's closing crime; but in their condition and frame of mind, it was not altogether without plausible excuse they shrugged their shoulders and talked of birds of a feather.

Acutely as all this must have stung Hugh, who, even in the first wild rush for wealth had taken scrupulous care of his honour, and even, according to his light and conscience, of the interests of those who trusted in it, yet he would have been touched far more deeply by the despairing misery of those who said the least. There were women whose lives were ended, so far as any comfort in this world went; who were reduced to beg or starve out the weary existence his ill-omened enterprise had poisoned to them. There were half-pay officers, whose hairs were thinning and whitening visibly with the cares of the last day or two, who had aged as suddenly as old men wakening from an enchanted sleep. They had lodged in his hands the savings of a lifetime of hard service and harder privations. Now they saw themselves dragged out of the quiet homes they had retired to for their declining years, to a more wearying campaign than any they had fought as yet, where debts and duns were to keep them ceaselessly on the alert. They sighed over the lost independence his promises had persuaded them to part with, and thought despondingly of the helpless families for whom they had gambled away their substance. Unused to trade, and without a chance of ever winning back what they had lost, to them insolvency meant intolerable shame and helpless wretchedness. The worst of it was, they could not know the worst. But there were Job's comforters in abundance to assure them that they had committed themselves to extinguishable liabilities, and laid in a stock of money troubles that would see them comfortably into the tomb.

McAlpine was a man of the world, and had not expected to find his friend Hugh treated very tenderly or fairly in the days following the crash. But even McAlpine was taken back by the strength and virulence of the *animus* excited against him. In his own religious conviction of Hugh's high sense of honour, in his knowledge of the great estimation in which he had been held, he had never fully realized how speciously untoward circumstances could be made to tell against him by men who felt themselves injured. There had at first been no one to defend him, and judgment had gone by default; declaimers on the popular side had had it all their own way, and had blackened his character at will. Often McAlpine was tempted to renounce in despair the disheartening task of pleading with indignant victims to reconsider their opinions. With the Directors, indeed, he had some measure of success. Most of them were men broken into losses, to gains; men who could never have held their own with the world, if they had wasted time in brooding over the irretrievable; who, when the first burst of rage had spent itself, were inclined to think leniently even of Hemprigge's villainy, as one of those elements which are the essence of speculation, and which it is equally impossible to calculate upon or provide against. They were induced, on argument, to admit Hugh's honesty absolutely, and to confess that perhaps he could hardly be taxed either with undue imprudence or with negligence. But, after all, their answer amounted to this: "It was to his appropriating the exclusive control of the business that their disasters were mainly due; that now, thanks to him, it had become every man for himself, and that their own case against the shareholders was far too delicate to admit of their hampering it with the defence of the very individual who had embarrassed them."

And when McAlpine addressed himself to influential shareholders out of doors, he was always met by the same queries: "Has he not had the sole management of everything? Has he not been the close ally of Hemprigge? Has he not been steadily getting rid of his shares?"

It seemed clear then, that his fellow-Directors would be only too happy if Hugh could be made to carry off all the sins of the Board; while there was an ominous determination on the part of the shareholders that he should not be suffered to retire in peace to the wilderness. McAlpine was inclined to thank heaven that his friend was still too utterly prostrate to concern himself with business affairs, and wrote a faithful

and very gloomy account of the situation to Rushbrook. He begged him to lose no time in returning to town, and, as he valued his cousin's life, to see that he learned nothing of the stoppage of the Company.

Greatly disturbed, Rushbrook hurried back, arriving in time to assist at the first general assembly of the ruined shareholders. The Directors' position on the platform was nearly as perilous as that of the independent candidate on an Irish hustings; something worse than that of a mediæval martyr doing penance in the pillory. Their managing man was the only speaker on their side who obtained a tolerably uninterrupted hearing, and yet seldom was speech more steadily chorussed by heart-drawn groans. The sole thing that seemed to come out tolerably clearly was, that up to the moment of Childersleigh's departure, the Company had been not merely solvent, but highly prosperous; that its embarrassments were likely to arise mainly from commitments made during Hemprigge's brief tenure of command, commitments so mad, on terms so easy, that there was good reason to suspect personal considerations and handsome douceurs must have influenced him in acceding to them, although a memorandum in Childersleigh's handwriting, found on his table, seemed to prove that some of the most important, at least, had been contemplated by the Governor. That Hemprigge had also misappropriated cheques and embezzled money wholesale; but that, notwithstanding, had it not been for the securities and papers he had carried away, many of them apparently in sheer wantonness, there was no reason to doubt the Company would have tided over its engagements. So it was clear as noonday, their ruin lay at Childersleigh's door and no one else's.

The disappearance of documents, and the absence of any accurate information as to those which had been really abstracted, complicated matters so awkwardly that it was impossible to form a reliable estimate of the prospects of the shareholders. As the meeting was unofficial, the official liquidator did not assist at it; but in answer to reiterated inquiries, the Directors were driven to admit that a call was inevitable, although they had reason to believe that every shilling of it, and no inconsiderable portion of the paid-up capital as well, would ultimately be returned to the shareholders.

"Walker!" was the uncourteous commentary of a vulgar hard-faced man in a front seat; and the lugubrious countenances of those around him seemed to express universal participation in his incredulity.

After a good deal of desultory speaking, captious questioning, and most unparliamentary latitude of language, our old acquaintance, Dr. Silke Reynardson, obtained the ear of the meeting. From the outset he struck a high moral key, as beeseemed his character and office. He spoke, as he said himself, much more in sorrow than in anger; yet a good deal of righteous indignation broke out in the course of his vigorous philippic, and there was a lurid glare in his eye, that reminded one rather of a Grand Inquisitor on a field-day of the Holy Office, than a professed apostle of peace and good-will. "He had been grieved and disappointed, where he had trusted, and, he might say, loved. He, for one, had believed in Mr. Childersleigh as in himself; he was not ashamed to stand there and tell them so again, as he had told them so before. He had trusted his capital to Mr. Childersleigh, and where was that capital now? Gone with last winter's snow. He had trusted him with his confidence, which was far more, and what of that? Convulsed to the roots, like a sapling in the clutch of the tornado; heaven knew he felt no bitterness to Mr. Childersleigh, yet Mr. Childersleigh had shaken his faith in his species, and he knew not if time would ever restore it. He did not envy the feelings of a man who had a crime like that weighing on his conscience. (Murmurs of admiration, assent, impatience, and cries of "Question!") In his humble judgment that seemed strictly the question; but, if they pleased, he would come to what they might think the point. He regarded it as a moral duty to their fellow-creatures, although it might be a painful one to themselves, to record formally their honest detestation of their betrayer, to brand him as a terrible warning to others. He felt it a duty they owed their Governor as their neighbour, to compel him to restitution, if not to repentance. That terrible memorandum in the Governor's handwriting was a deadly *pièce de conviction*, but he would prefer not to expatiate upon that.

And amid cries of "question" and "cut it short," he wound up with a resolution that condemned the Governor in scathing terms, and authorized a committee to take counsel's opinion on the liabilities, civil and criminal, he might have incurred towards the Company.

Rushbrook and McAlpine made a gallant fight for their friend, and were backed up by Marxby and Rolfganger. The two former solemnly asseverated their belief, founded on intimate acquaintance with the Governor's handwriting, that the memorandum in question was nothing but a forgery; a part-

ing shaft of malice shot by Hemprigge; and their evident sincerity, and Rushbrook's rank, had perhaps more weight than might have been expected in the temper of the meeting. Even Schwartzchild came to their help, and said bluntly, he believed Mr. Childersleigh as incapable of evil intention, as he was himself. In the end, the Reverend Doctor's resolution was carried, indeed, but with the substance greatly modified, and the terms much toned down, while the allusion to "criminal" liability was dropped altogether. Yet after all, and as it stood, could Hugh Childersleigh have had the faintest foreshadowing of its drift three years before, he would rather have let Hemprigge lead him to the stake, than carry him into the City.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOOVER IN THE CONFESSIOAL.

It may be a bold assertion, and yet we venture to say that no one of all the shareholders of the *Crédit Foncier* had gone into such transports of grief and rage over Hemprigge's disappearance as Hooker. For the Manager had comprehended his cherished intimate and partner in the unceremonious French leave he had taken of his circle of acquaintance. Hooker had been the last to believe in the reality of the *Hégira*; he had struggled bravely with the conviction, even when the thief-proof safe under Hemprigge's immediate charge was discovered to be empty. He suggested the dragging of the river and the ornamental waters in the Parks, but the official gentleman on whom he urged the undertaking turned deaf ears to the suggestion. He advertised at his own expense in the second column of *The Times*, in terms that ought to have flattered the missing gentleman exceedingly, and responses were numerous, but wofully wide of the mark. All the time, the conviction he resisted, kept its hold upon him—few men had had better opportunities than he of estimating Hemprigge's character—and at last it mastered him. The effect was terrible. Between long outbursts of fury he reposed himself utterly exhausted in sullen despair; one and the other chequered by what looked not unlike touches of genuine grief. How changed from that grave, composed majordomo of Miss Childersleigh, who had slipped catlike through a life as smooth as himself. How different from the prosperous City gentleman, who had been sunning his declining years in the smiles of fortune; with a heart that grew more buoyant as the gold weighed heavier in his purse. City friendships are

apt to dissolve themselves in adversity; but few of the ruined stood so utterly alone as Hooker. He had cast off his old acquaintances, and his newer ones fell away from him. Now Hemprigge was gone, his guide, his philosopher; his only intimate and confidant; the link that bound him to high City life; and Silke Reynardson's trust in things in general had never been more shaken by Hugh Childersleigh, than Hooker's by this desertion of Hemprigge. He raved on his sorrows to any one who would consent to barter purposeless lamentations with him; yet there was a method in the madness of his rage; and often he would nearly choke himself as he violently thrust back something that was on the point of bursting its way out. Habit constrained him to keep the one secret of his mysterious connection with Hemprigge. Nature was pressing him to shriek it aloud on the housetops.

In circumstances like these, it was natural his mind should revert mournfully to those peaceful days of Harley Street, when the sharp practice, if sharp practice there were, was all on one side, and he had no reason to keep on his guard against the people he dealt with. "How seldom are we rightly thankful for our many mercies," he murmured sententially, as he remembered the superb indifference with which Miss Childersleigh signed, without a comment, the cheques he asked for. He had left that peaceful paradise to fall among the thieves of the City, and in a couple of years or so, had been pillaged of the pickings of a long life-time. "They are all birds of a feather; every one of them tarred with the same brush," he reflected sadly, as he revolved his unfortunate experience of City men; he longed to be once more in contact with unimpeachable character—to find a professional man to whom he could bare his aching heart, without the fear of having capital made of his confidences.

The train of his thoughts and the turn of his feelings not unnaturally floated him to his late mistress's trusted man of business. We have lost sight of Mr. Rivington, because Mr. Rivington has remained a simple spectator of the events of our story. He had been far from an uninterested one, however. He had looked on, marvelling at Hugh's success; perhaps not altogether free from twinges of jealousy, at seeing himself utterly outstripped in the great race for fortune by a man whose earlier career had demoralized rather than trained him for it. But, although he had seen something of retributive justice in the speculator's collapse, he had been unfeignedly grieved by it all the same, and had read with

real concern the *on dits* paragraphed on the subject; the reports of the meeting of the shareholders, and the one-sided statements and attacks of the press.

Mr. Rivington was seated one day in his chambers, when a clerk laid a card by his desk. "Mr. Hooker—Hooker—who is Mr. Hooker? Ah! yes. I think I remember. What is he like, Wicks? elderly man?"

"Yes, sir; elderly man: seems most anxious to see you."

"You may ask him to walk up then;" and it was indeed his old acquaintance who entered, but very much more humble, not to say sneaking in manner, than the day when he superciliously rejected the lawyer's gratuitous advice against investing in the *Crédit Foncier* of Turkey.

"Take a chair, Mr. Hooker," said Mr. Rivington, undemonstratively. Latterly, and before he had lost sight of him, he had come to regard with considerable suspicion Miss Childersleigh's man of confidence.

Mr. Hooker took a chair in silence, and sighed.

"May I ask your business?" said the other impatiently, after waiting a few seconds. "Excuse me, but mine is rather pressing."

"Ah! Mr. Rivington," broke out the other in a burst of feeling. "It's changed days with me since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, sir. If I had only listened to you about that accursed *Crédit Foncier*! Ah, our best hopes are mortal as well as ourselves, but what would Miss Childersleigh have said if she had been spared to see this day?"

"Most likely she would have said with me, that you did an exceedingly foolish thing when you risked your money in *Crédit Foncier* shares. If you have lost by it, I am sorry for you. At any rate, I hope you have left yourself enough to live on."

"If I have lost by it! If I have lost money! Oh, Mr. Rivington!" and Hooker, in a convulsion of sobs and pathos that shook himself and his chair, communicated to the lawyer his own private chapter of City life.

Riverton listened to him with a contempt and impatience that changed to interest, if not to sympathy as the story went on. At first he heard with incredulity of the speaker's intimate relations with Hemprigge, but the answers to questions judiciously interposed in the way of cross-examination gave him every reason to accept the narrative as being true in the main, astounding as it was.

He heard it to the end, and then re-

marked, "A most unfortunate chapter of accidents indeed, although unluckily not a very uncommon one. But, in my opinion, Mr. Hooker, it is not the people whose reckless dealings have wrought all this misery who are the most to be pitied. What, in heaven's name, did a man like you, who had passed his life cleaning spoons and forks, mean by dabbling in stocks and shares?" he demanded of a sudden, savagely. "But may I ask," he went on, resuming his cold manner, "why you should have come to me? My business does not lie in the insolvent courts, and I need hardly point out to a man of your intelligence that that is the obvious way out of your embarrassments."

"Whatever is to be done, sir?" urged Hooker imploringly. "Do have pity upon me and take me up for the sake of old times. If you only knew those scoundrels in the City, as I do, you could not have the heart to leave me among them. And surely you might manage to save me a trifle. In a great many of the transactions I do not figure at all. It was all—well, it was all Hemprigge, sir—the best part of my shares are standing in his name now."

Riverton's face did not soften in the least, and Hooker could not read a touch of compassion in the abstracted features. The lawyer, although looking hard at him, was thinking of others, thinking if it were not possible to use the man to help Childersleigh and a number of innocent shareholders out of their troubles—to trace and recover the valuable property Hemprigge had carried off.

"You are in a very bad way, Mr. Hooker, and your concern in the *Crédit Foncier* of Turkey alone is quite sufficient to make a beggar of you. If you had never scorched a finger anywhere else, you would only have the choice between starvation and service, and I candidly tell you, your doings out of place are scarcely likely to recommend you to a new one." Could Hooker have believed he should have lived to hear such language held to him and yet should sit and listen to it quietly! "You certainly have no reason to thank your friend, Mr. Hemprigge," Mr. Rivington proceeded.

"My friend, Mr. Hemprigge!" burst out Hooker, emphasizing the "friend" and the "Mr." "Oh, Mr. Rivington, if I were to tell you all."

"Come, come, Mr. Hooker; personally I no more care to hear what you may have done in the past, than I am interested to know what becomes of you in the future. For the sake of my old friend, and your late mistress, I am willing to take you up, so far

as I can do so honestly; but if I do take your case in hand, it shall only be on condition of your being perfectly frank and outspoken. Of course I see there's some strange bond between you and this Hemprigge, something more than that very distant relationship you told me of when, much against my inclination, Miss Childersleigh persuaded me to have him article'd in this office. So make up your mind at once," he added, pulling out his watch. "Will you tell me all, or leave the room and let me go on with my work?"

"It must come out at last," exclaimed Hooker desperately. "or I shall burst with it, and perhaps—who knows?—it may be a comfort telling it. It comes hard, to be sure, parting with a secret you have kept wellnigh for forty years, but where's the use of keeping it now,—where's the use of keeping it now? It's little I guessed what was to make me bring it out at the last."

Mr. Rivington sat looking curiously at him. Hooker's contortions would have been ridiculous had his anguish not been so evidently genuine. You might have set him down for a demoniac who was having the devil that possessed him torn out by some potent spell.

When his words did come they came with a rush. "He's my boy, sir, my own boy, Mr. Rivington; him I was so proud of. If I disowned him all the best of my days it was only that I might see him a gentleman before I died, and, curse him, this is the way he takes to pay me back."

Now that he had the opportunity of imparting his griefs to another, what with spite at the manner in which the worthy son had left his parent in the lurch, what with disappointed hopes, wounded pride, and some more real paternal feeling, Hooker might have gone on indefinitely. But Rivington stopped him unceremoniously. "In short, you brought him up to deceive every one else, and he ended by practising your own lessons on you. Well, if I believe this strange story of yours, it is only because it seems the most reasonable way of accounting for a clever scoundrel like him making a confederate of a man like you."

"You may believe it, sir, I do assure you." And Hooker waiving the insult, and anxious to secure himself a support in his trouble, took up his autobiography some eight-and-thirty years before, and as far as Hemprigge was concerned in it, brought it down to the present time. When a comparatively young man, he had been promoted to the post of chief butler with the rich Mr. Childersleigh—old Miss Childers-

leigh's father. Gifted with social accomplishments of a very high order, he had mixed in general society, so far as his domestic engagements admitted. His insinuating manners and easy conversational powers made him a universal favourite with the fair sex, and suggested naturally the idea of improving his rising fortunes by marriage—to cut his long tale as short as Mr. Rivington unsuccessfully tried to do, he centred his prudent affections on Mrs. Hemprigge, a comely widow lady, tenant of the "Marquis of Anglesea" public-house, wooed and won her.

"But why not go and live with your wife; why make a mystery of your marriage?" inquired Rivington, very naturally.

"Mrs. Hooker was rich, but she liked being mistress in her own house, and I was well off where I was, and thought I should be more my own master in the meantime, if I continued head-servant to Mr. Childersleigh. It was a good place, and we were both prudent, and agreed that things had better remain as they were for the time, and they would not have done that long had Mr. Childersleigh got wind of the wedding. Then we had a boy, and his mother died. Ah, she was a prudent woman," interpolated the widower, grinding his teeth at the reminiscence. "The goodwill and the lease of the premises were to be sold, and the price, with all her property strictly settled on the child, and left in trust to a brother of her own. That was how she treated me, sir: I who had thrown over a dozen of others for her; and, of course, after that I had nothing to do for it but to go on keeping my secret, and standing by the Childersleighs. The boy grew up so sharp that even his uncle said we had better make him a lawyer and a gentleman. Said I, 'If we could only get him into Mr. Rivington's, his fortune would be made,' and I worked it with Miss Childersleigh, and got her to interest herself in him."

"Exactly so; and when I made up my mind to part with him?" said Mr. Rivington, shrugging his shoulders.

"He had his own money, and I had laid by a good bit as well. Oh, Lord, Mr. Rivington, only to think of that, and what's come of it now! Well, I had often thought I could do better with my savings than lending them on houses and such like, and he was a clever lad, that the gentlemen had come to take notice of while he was with you. So we set him up in business. Of course, after that he cared less than ever to have it known his father was in service."

long by Hugh's brilliant success, now de-made a usurer of him at four-and-twenty. Well, I know the rest, and I must say I don't greatly wonder at it. What have you heard of him since he left? Rivington asked abruptly.

"Since he left, sir?" stammered Hooker. He had heard then: that was what Rivington wanted to find out.

"He would write you naturally, you know. He might prefer saying nothing about his intentions before he had got clear away, but once gone he could have no reason for not opening communications; on the contrary, you might be very useful to him in many ways. Now, Mr. Hooker, if I have taken you up, it is out of no particular respect or regard for you I need hardly say, but I shall tell you my opinion of your case. It is very possible that, as you say, the bulk of your shares in those broken companies may be registered in your son's name, but then you are involved over head and ears with the *Crédit Foncier*. When the creditors claim their own, it will go very hard with you, my worthy friend."

Hooker groaned assent.

"It is clearly your policy, then, to conciliate the liquidators of the *Crédit Foncier* if you can, and I need not say they would have cause to be grateful to the man who should be the means of restoring them the property your son has stolen. Indeed, merely in your quality as a shareholder, restitution would make no slight difference to yourself. I don't do Mr. Hemprigge—I shall still call him so—the injustice to suppose you can persuade him to give up anything he can put to use, but they tell me he has carried off much that is absolutely worthless to him, although of the last importance to the Company."

Hooker shook his head despondingly. "You don't know him as I do, Mr. Rivington. He liked money well, it is true, but in my soul I believe he hated Mr. Childersleigh more. He's sometimes nearly broken my heart with his foolishness that way, sir, and it was to spite Mr. Childersleigh, and nothing else, he's carried them away, you may depend upon it."

"Business jealousies doubtless, and very natural feelings too—in him," remarked Rivington, not specially curious as to the hidden springs of Hemprigge's heart, so long as he knew its general course of feeling. "Well, but you can write him that Mr. Childersleigh is dying, can't you? He has taken a turn for the worse I hear, and I'm afraid it's only too near the truth to be much of a falsehood. If it were, the telling it need not sit very heavy on your conscience.

I don't ask where your son is; he fancies himself pretty safe, I don't doubt, or he would not have compromised himself by writing. But what I should strongly recommend you is the communicating with him before you see me again. Believe me," he added significantly, "that in the circumstances it will be much the best thing you can do for yourself; and I am sure I cannot add anything to that argument. Good-morning. You may go."

Not another word could Mr. Hooker obtain from his old acquaintance and new man of business, so he withdrew himself to meditate on the counsels he had received, to moralize upon filial ingratitude, and to speculate on the precarious chance of recalling his prodigal son to a sense of filial duty, and persuading him to give up his vengeance for any one's advantage but his own.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CURE OR KILL.

FEW men could boast of more "friends" than Childersleigh, and it was only natural that he should be candidly and universally canvassed and criticized in the hour of his calamity. He had been a man of the clubs as well as the city, and his name was as familiar in western as in eastern circles. An extraordinary number of his West End acquaintances had followed him into the *Crédit Foncier*; so he was brought up nearly as often for discussion at *Lights* and *Doodles*, as at the *Tresham*. The several *Boresbys* of these establishments had made it their special business to clear up matters to the bottom, and as no men could see deeper into mud, they had it in their power to communicate a variety of marvellous facts, which, if occasionally inharmonious or even contradictory, at least left little to be desired in point of detail. The current of feeling set so strongly against the fallen lords of limited liability, that there was slight chance of stemming it; woe to the man who by fault or misfortune was swept from his perch; he had small hope indeed of recovering his footing. Childersleigh doing nothing to help himself had been caught in the wildest of the rush, and those of his intimates and near relations who came to his help, were labouring with heavy hearts at dragging him back from the general ostracism he was being hurried to.

No one busied himself more untiringly at the kindly work than Barrington, and it had not wanted Rushbrook's intercession to induce Lord Hestercombe to lend his countenance to his unfortunate nephew. As may be imagined, his lordship, silenced so

"In short, you brought him up a liar, nounced his idea of mixing himself up in business matters in more unmeasured terms than before, and expressed his heartfelt indignation at the heir of his house and honours being compromised in those unholy schemes. But Rushbrook submitted that he might be supposed to have arrived himself at years of discretion, and did his cousin ample justice, and Lord Hestercombe was too honest not to be discriminating in his anger, and too worldly wise not to confine his strong opinions to his own family circle. While blaming Hugh for the first ill-considered steps, he scouted contemptuously all imputations on his subsequent conduct, and imperiously declared everywhere he would answer for his honour as his own. He was a valuable ally, but with all the weight he naturally attached to the utterance of his own sentiments, he felt that scandal was silenced only in his presence; he lived and moved about in a morbid suspicion that its thousand tongues were whispering everywhere around him. He felt it humiliation to have to descend to the rôle of advocate in such a cause; the calumnies he refuted, baseless as they were, implied dishonour to himself as to his client.

"I can see no end to all this," he remarked one day gloomily to his son. "I shall discharge my duty while I can; and very hard it is that you two headstrong young men should have forced such a duty upon me. I have not even the comfort of thinking I do Hugh any good; every day, in fact, I am more convinced that no one can help him but himself; and if he cannot show himself soon, I greatly fear it will be too late even for that."

"Your support is invaluable to him," returned Rushbrook. "But I quite agree with you, he is the best man to plead his own cause, and his very showing himself would do more good than anything any of us can say for him. Besides," he added gravely, "I own his state alarms me, and I hear that the doctors talk of him much less hopefully than they did. Knowing his old strength of body and mind, I firmly believe a fresh shock that would interest him, however painfully, might be the best medicine they could use. Of one thing I am sure, if his honour should suffer through our consideration for his life, so far from thanking us, he would never forgive us."

"I believe he would not, and he would be right too," said his lordship approvingly, "Violent diseases require violent treatment; and in the circumstances, and as his nearest kin, I think we ought to take the responsibility on ourselves."

"Perhaps I had better run down to Killoden, and break this to him."

"I cannot say I see the slightest necessity for your doing so. I think you may very well leave it to the ladies and the medical men between them. By the way, who is your correspondent there,—Sir Basil?"

"I am sorry to say Sir Basil is nearly as incapable of writing a letter as Hugh. Miss Childersleigh acts generally as his amanuensis."

"An invaluable one, I am sure she must be," observed his lordship drily. "At least she seems to keep you most regularly informed of everything that goes on."

"I exacted a promise that she should write daily, before I would consent to leave, although in the circumstances I am quite sure she would have felt it her duty to do so in any case," replied Lord Rushbrook, in a tone which his father knew well was a favourite with him when he disliked a subject, or wished to discourage it. It gave strength to suspicions that had been floating about of late in the Hestercombe household, and left the Earl with food for very mingled meditation. On the one hand, his son's steadfast reluctance to matrimony had been a long-standing sorrow to him; on the other, he was far from being prepared to welcome with unmixed satisfaction Sir Basil Childersleigh's daughter as his daughter-in-law. But he understood his son well enough to be aware that he would make any question of the sort a strictly personal one; and more likely than not, resent paternal interference by flying full in the face of it. So, whether the Earl's reflections were pleasant or the reverse, at least he was spared the anxiety of nicely weighing advantages and disadvantages, with any idea of deciding on a course of action.

Meanwhile Hugh had been slowly regaining his bodily strength. Although able to leave his room, he seldom availed himself of the privilege, but rather clung to it as a sanctuary where he could indulge undisturbed in the luxury of brooding thought. His mind seemed oppressed rather than actually crushed, loaded with a single absorbing idea that left room for no others to circulate. The shock that had shaken his nervous system had stamped his kinsman's dying look upon his brain, and, waking or sleeping, it was ever present to him. Although never starting any subject of conversation, he answered any remarks perfectly rationally and collectedly, but frequently they had to be repeated twice; and when he did speak, it was with an obvious effort, and it was an evident relief to relapse again into abstraction. The sight of Lucy appeared to

awaken in their vividness the horrors that haunted him. There was a sense of increased suffering in the very tenderness with which he regarded her that pained her inexpressibly, especially when he would turn away, after a time, as if recollection became insupportable. Occasionally he would take up a book, and let his eyes run vacantly down the pages; but they kept newspapers carefully out of his sight, and he never asked either for them or for his letters. In short, he existed spectre-haunted, in an unnatural world of his own; and the doctors were at their wits' end as to the means of bringing him back to his everyday life.

Rushbrook's letter reached Killoden to confirm them in the decision they had been hesitating over.

"I am far from saying we do not incur a certain risk," said the distinguished author of the *Brains and Nerves in their Relations to the Body*, to Miss Childersleigh, "but we have only a choice of evils, and my hopes greatly predominate over my fears. Fortunately Providence has bestowed on the patient a constitution of iron, and had not the moral shock of the accident for some reason I cannot pretend to fathom, been so tremendous, he must have thrown off its worse effects long before now. Unluckily the prolonged immersion in his fevered state, the exhaustion, the excitement, one thing or another, leading on to pleurisy and brain-fever of most aggravated type, the whole acting on a system in a state of utter collapse, have given the graver diseases all their own way for the time. Now the vital energies are recruiting themselves, and he visibly gains power every day; the mind is perfectly sound, although the persistency with which it directs itself to one particular point amounts to monomania. Yet, as I trust, that very persistency will temper the stimulant we intend to apply, and deaden the force of the blow we propose to deal. It is altogether a most singular case, Miss Childersleigh, and the experiment will be an exceedingly interesting one."

Maude could scarcely be expected to share the physician's professional enthusiasm, and she was troubling herself, moreover, as to how the experiment had best be made. Their common sorrows had drawn her and Lucy more closely together than ever. She knew or guessed all, or nearly all, that Lucy had to tell, and in her secret heart wished Lucy could have been prevailed upon to charge herself with the task. But Lucy's lover had never spoken, and the barrier circumstances had raised between them

she dared not approach, especially when there was ground so delicate to be trodden beyond.

"Lord Rushbrook's last letter contains very much what we want him to know, Miss Childersleigh, does it not?" proceeded the medical man; "perhaps you could hardly do better than read it to him."

Maude looked doubtful and blushed slightly. "There are parts of it, allusions to Mr. Childersleigh's state of mind," she explained hastily, "that put it quite out of the question, I am afraid."

"Ah, very likely," returned the other. "Although, after all, I am not sure that would greatly signify. But at least you can make the letter the excuse for broaching the subject. It may be safer, perhaps, to feel your way at first, but I believe it will take the truth, and all the truth, to interest, not to say shock him."

The doctor was right; and Hugh heard, with perfect unconcern, that Rushbrook had sent them unpleasant news about the *Crédit Foncier*. He did not even trouble himself to inquire their purport.

"I am grieved to tell you Mr. Hemprigge has disappeared," said Maude.

"Ah! Hemprigge's gone, is he?"

"And carried away a great deal of money and valuable property belonging to the Company."

"Money and property!"

"And ruined the *Crédit Foncier*."

"Ruined the *Crédit Foncier*!" echoed Hugh, with a faint flicker of interest at last. "Well, there are worse things than ruin," he resumed, after a pause, and relapsed dreamily into his old listless attitude.

Maude waited anxiously. He seemed already to have utterly dismissed the subject. She breathed fast, mustered up all her resolution, and laid her hand on his arm. The touch arrested his attention, and he looked at her almost inquisitively.

"Hugh, you must listen to me for the sake of him we both lament, for the sake of my dead brother."

He gave a shudder, and half-turned away; but there was a gleam of his old energy as if he made an effort to struggle with himself, when he pressed his hand to his forehead, and said, "Go on, Maude, I hear you."

"Your friends were urgent for you to be in London, Hugh, to meet the accusations of your enemies. People have been taking advantage of your illness to say all sorts of cruel and false things. I know," she went on, looking steadily into his eyes,—"I know you have something very different on your mind, but they are attacking your

honour, and your duty calls you to defend it—duty to the dead as well as to the living. You have to clear your name and poor George's name. You must rouse yourself, Hugh, and go at once; it is his sister who tells you so."

Hugh looked at her as one struggling hard with himself; as if he were too much busied in recalling reluctant thoughts, to have more than a half-sense of the meaning of the words that were working in him. Intelligence and interest were lightening up in his eyes like the sun thinning a morning mist. He rose at last, and took her hand in his, as he said, calmly, "I feel I ought to thank you, Maude, and to-morrow I shall. Are there no letters for me?"

"Many of them; but all this happened since they were written."

"May I ask you to have them sent to my room, and the latest newspapers. I dare say I may stay there for the evening; I have my ideas to collect, and so very much to think of."

"But you must be careful, Hugh; you must not over-exert yourself," she said anxiously.

"You need not be afraid of my over-interesting myself in these matters now. But, as you say, it is a duty, and they must be looked into. If your father should ask for me, tell him what occupies me, and—give my love to Lucy," he added, stopping to leave that message as he reached the door.

The doctor heard the result of the experiment with satisfaction, although it was not altogether unmixed with anxiety.

"One can scarcely tell how his brain may have stood all it has gone through, or how he may take all this new trouble and worry when he is left alone with them." And next morning when he heard that Mr. Childers-leigh had risen and intended breakfasting downstairs, he warned the ladies to be a little late of appearing, and hurried below to receive him in the breakfast-room. When Hugh entered it, there was a heavy cloud on his brow indeed, but his eye was as clear and his step as firm as they had ever been. After answering a matter-of-course inquiry about his health, and cordially thanking the doctor for his attentions, he turned eagerly to examine the morning papers that were lying on the table. The doctor, expecting every moment the advent of the breakfast or the ladies, pressed with somewhat awkward abruptness a question or two on his late patient, anxious as he was to form a diagnosis of his present condition. Hugh answered the first quietly, the second with some impatience, and at the third

rested the hand that held the paper on the table and looked the doctor hard in the face.

"Yes, I understand," he said. "If you will not ask me frankly what you desire to know, I may as well help you to the point, and answer your question by anticipation. I can assure you that, thanks to your skill and care, I am perfectly convalescent, and to restore brain and body to their normal condition, they only want the exercise they are likely to have forthwith. Good-morning, Miss Winter," he went on, as that young lady entered the room, and the lingering touch before he released her fingers gave a meaning to the simple words and would have told her, without looking in his face, that in the night he had found his way round the pillar of cloud that had floated between them yesterday. Her face glowed all over with a sudden flush of happiness, to be followed quickly by a twinge of recollection and remorse, as shading her eyes from the sun she hastily turned away to pull down the blind.

"One thing is clear, from what you tell me, of your father's state," said Hugh to Maude; he was talking with the two girls after breakfast. "One thing is clear. He must be removed from Killoden at once. Say what you please; tell him that I want travelling-companions. I had intended leaving you to-day, but I can put off my journey, and we can all start to-morrow."

"You ought to travel by easy stages, and I am sure you are anxious to be gone."

"Twenty-four hours less or more is of little consequence, and even if I suffered something by the delay, I owe Sir Basil more than that." He smiled mournfully, and took a stride across the room. "As for me I am stronger than ever. Once fairly on your way I shall leave you with an easy mind and continue mine with Sams. But my own feelings tell me too well that this is no place for Sir Basil, and if you lose this opportunity you may find it hard to move him afterwards."

Maude left the room to see her father, and Hugh and Lucy were alone. He looked round at her to catch her eyes stealing a glance at his through their long lashes. He crossed over and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"The last time we sat together, if our lips were silent, our eyes were eloquent, and when we stepped into that unhappy boat, on my honour and conscience, Lucy, I felt our hearts plighted for life."

Lucy trembled, but said nothing.

"Had it not been so, this would be no time to speak of love, but we are betrothed;

and to put our common thought in words is only an act of duty and justice. In those last moments," he went on, "before the boat went down and left us battling with death, I saw much that, in my selfish thoughtlessness, I had never guessed, and, as I hope for salvation, I hold the sacrifice of his life for us but little compared to what in his unpretending self-forgetfulness, he must have done and suffered before. If he had lived I know not when I could have claimed your promise to be my wife; that the time would have come I do not doubt, for assuredly he would have conquered in a struggle of generosity. But more than anything else I thought of this last night, and knowing him, as I have come to know him, and while we are both looking over the waters where he lies, I still ask you to be my wife. I do not talk of marriage now or soon; it is no time for marrying or giving in marriage; but Sir Basil's health is breaking, and it is right that the man who is your future husband by a pledge as solemn as any ever spoken by words, should assure his wife that her home is waiting her."

"You are always generous, forgetting yourself for me at a time like this," murmured Lucy.

"I could laugh, if I were in a humour for laughing. No, by heaven, dearest, I am not so selfish. Through illness and trouble, through an actual agony at the loss of poor George that nearly shook my reason, I have felt you growing into my nature, and blotting everything else out of my future, as for long you have blended yourself with my life, and influenced my thoughts and all my actions. I long to assure myself beyond the shadow of a doubt of the prize I count on, to have you to brace me for the wearing battle I must fight out for the sake of my honour over trifles that have lost their value to me."

"And you have come to dream I can do all this for you?" said Lucy, looking up at him, and smiling and stealing her hand into his. The two were so lost to the world around them that Maude, opening the window from the verandah, stepped into the room unseen and unheard. At her too precipitate attempt to retreat unnoticed as she had come, Lucy raised her head, gave a little startled cry, and then called her back. "Oh, don't go; Mr. Childersleigh, you must tell her all. What can you think, Maude, at such a time?"

"That one needs love most in the midst of sorrow; and no one knows better than I how deep your grief has been. I made her mine, you know, Hugh; and now I give her

you. I think you are beginning to be worthy of her, and there is no living man I would be less jealous of."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SALVORS AND WRECKERS.

HUGH had forced himself to London, to enter on a new phase of existence and garner novel and painful experiences. He shrank back from the world; and yet, to vindicate himself, he must plunge again into its very vortex. He had been inclined to turn from money-making and its drudgery in the very flood of his prosperity, and now he had to set himself to the cheerless work of dredging up his good name from among its dregs. He had been counted as a man of pleasure and a man of business, and now he had to leave the full blaze of sunshine for the shadow. He would have welcomed the latter change as a relief could he have hoped to pass unnoticed; but he had been a more than nine-days' subject of the town gossip, and yet his affair still held its own among more recent scandals. Men who, when he met them last, had distinguished him at the length of a street, who had been set up for the afternoon by a shake of his hand, and descended to positive meanness for his arm, bustled by with a bow distant or familiar, and turned to whisper of him when they had passed, according to their several casts of mind and standards of morals.

"Childersleigh, you know," with a half-admiring chuckle. "Monstrous clever fellow he is; let in those City men so tremendously in that Turkish Company — ay, and a good number of the knowing ones at the west as well. He's not particular, Childersleigh is not; and they say he has landed a good half-million."

Or, with a solemn shake of the head, "The notorious Mr. Childersleigh. Black business, I fear, although nobody quite knows the demerits of it. What is certain is, that his great Company is ruined, and he is rich."

No one precisely cut him. He had position, connection, a ready tongue, and the grand manner which goes further, perhaps, in imposing on society than anything else, and he remained formidable, even in his fall. The holy *Vehme* of society might condemn him, but sentence remained in suspense and no individual cared to charge himself with its execution on the dangerous child of the ban.

His reception was not uncordial at the establishment in Lothbury. There, indeed, his autocracy was at an end, and his throne

filled by the celebrated Mr. Auditt, head partner of the great firm of Auditt, Auditt and Co. — at least, in the moments that munificently-fee'd gentleman could spare to the *Crédit Foncier* from the multiplicity of his other engagements. If Mr. Childersleigh had been twice the scoundrel the more rabid shareholders asserted him to be, Mr. Auditt would still have hailed an assistance that promised to lighten so materially his own labours and responsibilities. Childersleigh's ability, at least, was beyond all impeachment; his gift of grappling with complications, of seizing and knotting up threads impalpable to dimmer eyes and less sensitive fingers, amounted to genius. Above all, he was the very man to fathom Hemprigge and the mystery of his dealing; and Hemprigge and his defalcations were the fatally disturbing element in the reports the liquidator and his coadjutors were to submit to the shareholders. So, although Hugh's management and consequent liability were at that moment referred for the opinion of counsel by his late constituents, yet, notwithstanding the murmurs of his more inveterate critics, no overt steps were taken to exclude him from the premises he had ruled till lately with nearly absolute sway.

Whatever may have been the impressions or suspicions with which Mr. Auditt met Mr. Childersleigh, the liquidator's experience soon told him the Governor was perfectly single-minded in his anxiety for searching investigation; and that the consequent presumption was he must be spotless in conscience. Clever as the Governor might be, had there been anything he wished kept dark, his entire absence of reserve would be too perilous a game to hazard with so practised a commercial detective as Auditt. So, even while they loaded him with abuse, the ruined shareholders found their account in the talents of their late chief. Where his fellow-directors were relatively, and the liquidator profoundly, ignorant, Childersleigh was thoroughly at home. When he applied his shoulder, wheels that had appeared hopelessly locked set themselves in motion, and the pace gradually became frightful to a man accustomed as Auditt was, to see companies roll ponderously through the Bankruptcy Court with the maximum of friction interest and ignorance could bring to bear. The respectable accountant found, as a necessary consequence, that his own action was likely to be most unprofitably and unprofessionally accelerated; and the feeling of joy with which he had accepted Hugh's help soon toned itself down to melancholy.

But he was conscious his regrets came too late, and resigned himself like a sensible man. Hugh was still a considerable shareholder, and the ex-Governor to boot; it was by the liquidator's consent he had been suffered to get a finger in the pie; now that he had thrust in his whole hand, he was not the man to withdraw it without a scene and a scandal. Besides, there was an abundance of as bad fish left in the sea as had come out of it yet; the City, it was to be hoped, was only at the beginning of its troubles, and already Auditt's firm had twice as much business in hand or in prospect as it could even undertake to perform.

It was with intense and renewed effort, that each time he returned to the task, Hugh succeeded in directing his mind to business matters. Gradually, however, they began to gain upon his thoughts, and to hold a place there. There was a certain mournful fascination in treading among the wrecks of all those promising schemes he had elaborated with a care so thoughtful; and although he had lost much of his interest in them while they seemed to stand strong and firm, he found it come back now that they lay in hopeless ruin. It was the feeling of a father who finds painful pleasure in giving a decent burial to the children he had once loved dearly and been since estranged from. Yet it was cheerless work all the while, and with his sad reflections mingled no little self-reproach. It was so clear the flourishing business he had created might have gone on flourishing; that nothing had been wanting to it but honest management, and that its downfall would only have been possible to a man so trusted as Hemprigge in times of feverish distrust. So far, the shareholders had reason with them. It was his absence that had ruined them, and he found little comfort in the thought that it had brought more misery to himself than to any of the rest. As he had virtually superseded and ignored the Board they had chosen, it was his plain duty in times so ominous to have continued at his post in person, when his subordinate was a man he distrusted so absolutely as Hemprigge. The more this conviction grew on him, the more his naturally high spirit humbled itself, and he could labour at his dispiriting task with a patient resolution that, a few weeks before, the sense of outrage and blood flushing and boiling with indignation, would have made impossible to him. He supported the reproaches of irritated shareholders with a composed dignity that disarmed them for the time and softened them for the future. If the glow of resentment rose to his cheek when the

language that had been held of him came back to his mind, yet in his severe self-condemnation he felt he could almost forgive the speakers and writers. All the time he was borne up by the confidence with which he counted on seeing his reputation cleared from every shade of blame; his mind was shaping the course he had to follow in the last resort; and, looking forward to a peaceful retirement after his troubles, he swore to himself that his fame should be publicly washed as spotless as Lucy Winter's before he claimed her as his bride.

His indignant and explicit denial of the authorship of the memorandum found among Hemprigge's papers had acquitted him to the intelligence of all candid men. It ought, consequently, to have relieved him from the imputation of having instigated the more mischievous transactions of the Company, were it not so much more easy to refute a charge than to obliterate its consequences. But, meantime, Mr. Hooker, while labouring in his own interests, had been doing him, as well as the Company, excellent service. That worthy gentleman, indeed, on the occasion of his interview with Mr. Rivington, had in his pocket a touching letter from his self-banished son. In it, Hemprigge — we must still call him so — urged that it was necessity, and a golden opportunity before a heavy pay-day, which had impelled him to a flight so sudden, that he could not gratify his affections by taking tender leave of his honoured parent. He had feared their mutual feelings might have been too much for them, possibly even hurried them into deplorable and irreparable excesses; and when he took reluctantly, that luxury of precautions towards placing himself and his abstracted treasures beyond the chance of successful pursuit, he felt he only acted upon those safe principles which Hooker had carefully instilled into him through life. Then addressing himself to his correspondent's sound sense and worldly wisdom, he suggested, in short, that by-gones should be by-gones, reminding his father that he had secured the means of rewarding any services that might be rendered him. He wound up by noting certain points in which he felt accurate information to be very desirable, and, in a postscript, inquired anxiously after Childersleigh, remarking, regretfully, that had his death occurred a little sooner, it would have saved the Company a great deal of loss, and the writer the trouble of encumbering himself with a great many documents intrinsically valueless.

Upon that hint and Mr. Rivington's,

after mature reflection, and more in sorrow than in anger, Mr. Hooker wrote. He rested lightly and tenderly on the culprit's misdeeds, although he shed some natural tears over the fall of that son of the morning, to whose sparkling apotheosis he had looked for the lightening of his declining days. He lamented in him the victim of circumstances rather than of social suicide, and admitted that, all those unhappy circumstances considered, he might have guided his conduct and conscience by the light of reason. Then imitating his correspondent, and turning to the practical, he supplied him, to the best of his means, with the information he had requested, assured him he might still rely on the paternal affection and devotion in time to come, and finally, expatiating on his own forlorn and utterly desolate lot, appealed to his son's interests, as well as filial piety, to secure to him the means of subsistence.

Distrusting, perhaps, that son's generosity, or misdoubting the value of the services he might have it in his power to render him, his letter had its postscript too:

"Poor Mr. Childersleigh is no more. He sank gradually, and expired peacefully at Sir Basil's place in Scotland. Whatever your feelings may have been, my dear boy, let me entreat of you to bury them in his tomb. His death makes the papers you allude to more worthless to you than ever, which will be doubtless annoying, but we must look for trials in this life, and remember that restoring them will make the chase less hot after you, while it may be very helpful to me in arranging terms with the liquidators. So I implore of you to let me have them, and the sooner the better. I am happy to show you how to be of real service to me without injuring yourself."

Fortunately for all parties, Hemprigge saw the matter in the light in which the wary Hooker had placed it, and moved perhaps by the unexpectedly forgiving tone of the father he had wronged, lost no time in gladdening the old man's heart by transmitting him much of the missing property. The result was the recovery by the *Crédit Foncier* of a quantity of bonds and scrip that materially brightened its prospects. Brought face to face with the liquidators by Mr. Rivington's interposition, Hooker's demeanour had been abjectly conciliatory; he had wept bitter tears over the unworthy son by whose conduct he had been one of the heaviest sufferers; expressed his satisfaction that tardy repentance should have been followed by partial atonement, and that he, Hooker, had been, by the blessing of Providence, the human

instrument of retrieving so much valuable property for his fellow-shareholders. At first he solemnly averred his ignorance of the whereabouts of his erring son, who, as he pertinently remarked, was far too clever to put it in the power of any one to denounce him — far less of a man with his own well-known rectitude of principle. The first letter that had come to hand, had borne a French postmark, that was all that he could tell; and unluckily he had torn it to shreds in a natural transport of grief and indignation. The packet he had had the satisfaction of restoring them, with its accompanying note, had been left anonymously at his lodgings, and the paper which had enveloped it was much at their service. And to this strange story he adhered, until his constancy was shaken by threats of avenging justice, and assurances that only the fullest confession of all he knew could extricate him from a dangerously false position. If he had nothing to tell, so much the worse for him. If he had, the liquidators might possibly be prevailed on, in the interests of the Company, so far to blink their strict duty as not merely to overlook his fault, but to consider his services. Thus painfully assailed, his reticence gave way. In a burst of grief he entreated them to deal gently by a fond parent, who had been tempted to shield an erring child; lamented, with apparently genuine feeling, that he really, at his son's suggestion, had destroyed the letters he had received, but protested solemnly that the last had been written from Seville, and declaring the writer's intention of forthwith quitting Spain; had given no further clue to his intentions. With this the inquisitors were constrained to be content, and it was agreed to direct a flying party from Scotland Yard on the traces of the missing one. The proceeding was absolutely *de rigueur* for the satisfaction of troublesome shareholders, but no one felt over-sanguine as to the running into a fox who had got so well away, when the scent was so cold, the earth he might head for so doubtful, and when the necessity for invoking the cumbrous intervention of the Foreign Office to the help of justice made the ground so holding.

On examination of the recovered securities, the liquidator expressed himself hopeful — and the remark was meant for the directors, not the shareholders, which gave it a very different significance — that a single moderate call might be made to suffice for the more pressing claims, while the others might run off as assets realized themselves; and that, ultimately, there might even be a something to return.

Childersleigh's investigation led him to the same conclusion, and thus, bad as things were, they were likely to be greatly better than had been guessed at first. At the impending meeting there would be what might be considered an agreeable surprise in store for the shareholders, which it might be hoped would soothe them into a frame of mind in which they would give a more cordial hearing to explanations, and to Childersleigh a cordial hearing was everything. So said McAlpine, addressing himself encouragingly to his over-sensitive friend.

"Really, my dear Childersleigh, you take this far too much to heart. Those who play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers, and public men must be prepared to face abuse. Those fellows who attacked you knew in their hearts they were lying, and now they see their falsehoods exploding one by one. Depend on it, we who are officially connected with the company will do you public justice, and this must soon blow over, and be forgotten. After all you can afford to let them talk, when you recollect that you slipped out of it in time, and that in the most honourable and open manner. Without an afterthought you can claim your old relation's money, take yourself off to your family place with a round half-million and a charming wife, and till you come back to life, and go into Parliament, grumble at your ease at the world's ingratitude; for say what they like, it was you who made us, and Providence and that rascal Hooker together who undid your work. I had my own stake in the Company, and between that and my friendship for you may be allowed to be a dispassionate judge, and believe me I only speak as every one else will in another twelve-months."

But Hugh's countenance did not brighten much at the golden visions his friend had conjured up. Wealth and peace, and even Lucy, would have had few charms for him, had he felt his own ill-advised acts had given scandal the right of access to his Eden.

So far as Lucy was concerned, days of reserve were over for him, and from her he had scarcely a secret. Like most men who have been in the way of closely locking up their bosoms, his confidence, when he had fairly given it, came with a rush, and he revelled in the luxury of sharing his inmost thoughts with some one he could freely trust in. The spirit of unworldliness that had wrestled with him while his heart was shackled in the golden fetters of Lothbury was in the ascendant now; he had become

alive to all he might have spared himself had he listened to its promptings sooner, and with refinements of conscience and honour in question, he came to Lucy as to an holy oracle, predisposed to see with her eyes and judge with her judgment.

"Upon my word, Hugh," she exclaimed one day, "I am terrified at the responsibilities you contrive to throw on me. How well I remember when I was too awestruck by the sense of your iron will and unconquerable self-reliance to have dreamed of daring to love you even in *chateaux d'Espagne*, and now, forgive my vanity, but it seems as if you have made over to me both the one and the other; as if I had only to speak for you to obey."

"I am leaving my idols to listen to my good angel. And do not flatter yourself I obey blindly; but the more I revolve your advice the more it comes to me as inspiration. It is often the very last the world would give me, it is true; but I have had enough of the world, for the time at least, and by way of a change I mean to try living for you."

"A poor object to give up a life like yours for, Hugh," she answered, looking up at him fondly, through blushes and smiles; "but if you insisted, I fear I should be too much of a woman to refuse. At least I shall struggle for the first place with you, I tell you fairly."

"That is yours for life, dearest, be sure. But hear me quietly while I make one more confession. There is a something I have been hesitating over long; if I have kept it from you, it is because I had a presentiment how your nature must decide, and I felt I ought to protect you against yourself and me and a decision which the most honourable men I could consult would most likely mock as moral quixotism. You believe me rich, and rich I am, and my riches are mine beyond the reach of law or even opinion. What if I were to ask you to begin our wedded life with the sacrifice of them, with the sacrifice of everything except our love, and for scruples very likely overstrained?"

"Your riches are nothing to me, you know very well; why, indeed, should they be so. I had accustomed myself to look forward to poverty and solitude, and you have offered me a home and a heart—and such a heart! No one can judge your scruples like yourself. If you go by your own feelings, you can never go wrong."

"As I said, it was because I was so sure of how you would advise that I never asked you for advice, and my worldly wisdom clings by me so fast that I am

half ashamed to break the matter even to you. It is simply this. I fear nothing will ever persuade the public, and what is far more, I may never succeed in convincing myself that I am not the indirect cause of all the misfortunes of the *Crédit Foncier*. After clearing accounts there, and thanks to it entirely, I shall be in a position to claim in September that succession of Miss Childersleigh's I have been labouring for. Yet my feeling is, that we should live an unhappy, and what is worse, a dishonoured life, if we were to withdraw in our wealth to Childersleigh, while others were in poverty by my fault."

"And you would give up all you have been working for and won, and the fortune that ought to have been yours by birth and right!" exclaimed Lucy, looking at him with admiration. "Oh, Hugh, I cannot recommend you to do it."

"But for yourself?"

"For me. Nothing could make me prouder of my husband than I am, and let our circumstances be what they may, I must be perfectly happy with him."

"Remember that is not all. The most I may do can only repair a part of the mischief, and if I act, I cannot act by halves; Childersleigh must go with the rest, and the smaller sacrifice that—that we could never live there. Yet I had so looked to seeing you mistress in my old home. After all, as Horace or some one else says, 'it is in our mind and not in our surroundings we must find our happiness.'"

"Horace, or some one else, was quite right, and I cannot conceive our being unhappy anywhere. Yet I do wish, for your sake, you could have saved Childersleigh, and I shrink more and more from having anything to do with advising you to what you would so very naturally repent. Weigh it well, at least, that you may have no regrets left but natural ones, and however you decide, I shall be contented and happy."

"Before my mind is made up, I mean to talk it over with the friends who have stood by me so firmly through all this business. That much, at least, I owe them;" and thereupon the interview took a turn which cannot have any interest for the public.

The associations with Childersleigh that had twisted themselves into the fibres of his nature; the hopes he had cherished of one day reviving his boyish memories; of returning to his family home and repairing his family fortunes, made strong remonstrance with Hugh, urging him to take the common-sense view of the situation and act as the

world would have him act; and as he had expected, he found his friends, to a man, upon the same side.

"My dear fellow," said McAlpine, "as you know, I am one of the sufferers your conscience reproaches you with having victimized, and I have told you already my opinion of the relation you stand in to the Company. 'Jowk and let the jaw gae by,' as the Scotch proverb says, or to paraphrase it in English, only let them have out their say and you may depend on their soon being silent, and for the best of all reasons, that they have really nothing to reproach you with. Gravely, and on my honour, Hugh, to act as you talk of acting would be gratuitous folly, and the very people you benefit would be much more likely to laugh at you than to thank you. In your place, moreover, I should feel I owed a duty to my ancestors which would make it both sin and shame to throw Childersleigh away for such a crotchet."

"Well, Hugh," remarked Rushbrook, "it is a most romantic idea and does credit to your powers of fancy. If I thought you meant it seriously I should preach to you about casting pearls to the pigs, — for acting chivalrously by a rabble of City speculators strikes me as being very much the same thing. As I don't do you that injustice, I shall spare my breath."

"For my part I should just as soon think of sending a cheque for conscience-money to the croupiers at Homburg after a lucky season, were a lucky season conceivable," commented Barrington, who was present. "But if you do make yourself a pauper, remember, Childersleigh, you have a right to count on me." Barrington in possession

of his uncle's property was now a man of wealth and position.

And when he broached the idea to the dignified Lord Hestercombe, the peer doubted if he had heard aright, and when by repetition he had convinced himself that his ears had not deceived him, he looked uneasily at his nephew, as if suspecting that, a long lucid interval notwithstanding, his brain was still shaken by the effects of his illness. So Hugh having collected all the opinions he cared for, had only to decide for himself before the next meeting of the shareholders.

He felt very gratefully to his uncle, and listened patiently, while by a most candid expression of opinion the Earl indemnified himself for the trouble he had taken in what had been a very painful business to him. More for Rushbrook's sake than his own, Hugh went a good deal to Hestercombe House. Rushbrook had confided to him that he only waited till the earlier weeks of mourning were over to propose in form for Miss Childersleigh, and Hugh knew he could best repay his cousin's friendship by smoothing the way to a marriage he rejoiced in with his whole heart. It should be no fault of his if the Hestercombes were not alive to the value of the wife their heir was determined to bring home to them, and no one could speak to her worth with more heartfelt sincerity than Hugh. He showed himself regularly at his clubs as matter of duty, but what time he could spare from "The Cedars" was spent with half-a-dozen of intimates. If the unhappy Crédit Foncier had done nothing else, at least it had sifted his friends for him, and that was something in a world where it is so hard to tell them.

NATURAL phenomena must be regarded by the engineer in the tropics. Here the boring worm will teach him salutary caution. In the East we have seen a railway train stopped on an incline by locusts. The locusts have a fancy for sitting on the rails, and when the engine-wheel touches them they are crushed, leaving the rails so oily that the engine slips. On one line, in the locust season, sand-boxes are used with the locomotive. Oysters are, however, a newly recorded enemy to the engineer. Some gourmand suggested the harbour of Tuticorin as a suitable place for oyster beds, and the Madras Government, doubtless appreciative of the value of oysters either for eating or for pearls, turned a deaf ear to remonstrance. Time has, however, justified the remonstrants, for, though the projectors have got an abundant supply of oys-

ters, the harbour of Tuticorin is now said to be in danger of total destruction by the growth of the oyster beds, and the attention of the Government is seriously directed to cross the love of the oysters. The Madras coast is so ill-provided that harbours are more valuable than oysters, and a campaign will be directed against the latter, although the revenue authorities hanker after the taxes on the pearl fishery. Nature.

THE heat has been so great at Dowlashernam, in the Madras Presidency, in June, that the Indian papers report many birds have died of sun-stroke.

Nature.

From The Edinburgh Review.
GALTON ON HEREDITARY GENIUS.*

"WE often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical; the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and in his child, and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning we might demonstrate any proposition; since in all large fields of inquiry there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favour of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered; and we ought to inquire not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, &c., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary. Until something of this sort is attempted, we can know nothing about the matter inductively; while, until physiology and chemistry are much more advanced, we can know nothing about it deductively. These considerations ought to prevent us from receiving statements which positively affirm the existence of hereditary madness and hereditary suicide; and the same remark applies to hereditary disease; and with still greater force does it apply to hereditary vices and hereditary virtues, inasmuch as ethical phenomena have not been registered as carefully as physiological ones, and therefore our conclusions respecting them are precarious."†

This passage, from the work of a writer of vast knowledge and acknowledged intellectual power, is chiefly remarkable as affording an instance of the extraordinary manner in which love of paradox, and an aversion for the commonplace, and a desire to say something new on all subjects, will sometimes divert a mind of so high a class from the straightforward but trodden road of truth. Mr. Buckle's determination not to adopt the ordinary belief in hereditary influences in human physiology was akin to the determined scepticism with which Sir Cornwall Lewis set himself to reject all ancient record outside the pages of classical and Bible history, and all evidence that human beings had attained the age of a century. We quote it now, not in any disposition to triumph over the obstinate incre-

duity which was Mr. Buckle's weakness, as over-credulity is that of others, but in order to introduce the decisive answer with which Mr. Darwin disposes of all such negative theories, and establishes on scientific grounds the doctrine already so firmly rooted in popular belief of "heredity of talent," or rather of mental conformation.*

"Some writers, who have not attended to natural history, have attempted to show that the force of inheritance has been much exaggerated. The breeders of animals would smile at such simplicity; and, if they condescended to make any answer, might ask what would be the chance of winning a prize if two inferior animals were paired together? They might ask whether the half-wild Arabs were led by theoretical notions to keep pedigrees of their horses? Why have pedigrees been scrupulously kept and published of the short-horn cattle, and more recently of the Hereford breed? Is it an illusion that these recently improved animals safely transmit their excellent qualities even when crossed with other breeds? Have the short-horns, without good reason, been purchased at immense prices and exported to almost every quarter of the globe? . . . In fact, the whole art of breeding, from which such great results have been attained during the present century, depends on the inheritance of each small detail of structure. But inheritance is not certain; for if it were, the breeder's art would be reduced to a certainty, and there would be little scope left for skill and perseverance."

After giving some remarkable instances of hereditary personal marks and deformities, Mr. Darwin proceeds:—

"When we reflect that certain extraordinary peculiarities have thus appeared in a single individual out of many millions, all exposed in the same country to the same general conditions of life, and, again, that the same extraordinary peculiarity has sometimes appeared in individuals living under widely different conditions of life, we are driven to conclude that such peculiarities are not directly due to the action of the surrounding conditions, but to unknown laws acting on the organization or constitution of the individual; that their production stands in scarcely closer relation to the condition than does life itself. If this be so, and the occurrence of the same unusual character in the parent and child cannot be attributed to both having been exposed to the same unusual conditions,

* We are bound to add, that Mr. Buckle's incredulity in this matter has been shared by minds of a more philosophical order than his. The "school of Montpellier," in French physical science, was opposed to the doctrine of "heredity," as well as to other notions implying the existence of congenital mental peculiarities. See the writings of two of its distinguished pupils, Lourdaut and Virey, commented on, and answered, in the remarkable work of Prosper Lucas, "Traité physiologique et philosophique de l'hérédité," 1847.

* *Hereditary Genius: an Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences.* By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. London: 1869.

† Buckle, "History of Civilization," vol. 1. ch. 4.

then the following problem is worth consideration, as showing that the result cannot be due, as some authors have supposed, to mere coincidence, but must be consequent on the members of the same family inheriting something in common in their constitution. Let it be assumed that in a large population a particular affection occurs on an average in one out of a million, so that the *a priori* chance that an individual taken at random will be so affected is only one in a million. Let the population consist of sixty millions, composed, we will assume, of ten million families, each containing six members. On these data, Professor Stokes has calculated for me that the odds will be no less than 8,333 millions to one that in the ten million families there will not be even a single family in which one parent and two children will be affected by the peculiarity in question. But numerous cases could be given, in which several children have been affected by the same rare peculiarity with one of their parents; and in this case, more especially if the grandchildren be included in the calculation, the odds against mere coincidence become something prodigious, almost beyond calculation."*

Mr. Darwin here vindicates the popular belief in the heritable character of physical peculiarities in a manner which clenches, as it were, the demonstration, by showing that an ingenious and complicated art has been created and carried to a high pitch of perfection, is based on no scientific principle—for no philosopher has as yet shown, or even indicated, the latent causes or laws of such transmission from parent to offspring—but simply on experience as familiar to the ancients as to ourselves; as familiar to one race of mankind as to another; as familiar to the cottage dame who registers the sayings and doings of the families of her gossips, as to the antiquary who traces family features and coincidences in the history of the Bourbons, or the Stuarts, or in the pages of the British peerage. The whole subject, in the impressive words of Sir Henry Holland, forms only one chapter, and as yet a dark one, in the philosophy of "the great mystery of generation." The transmission, not merely of life, but of likeness, from parents to offspring, involves and includes every question on the subject. It would be futile to raise a difficulty as to a part, when the whole is inaccessible to our inquiry. While we find cause for wonder at the transmission of resemblances from parent to offspring, we must admit the wonder to be equal that there should be ever deviation from this likeness, and that such deviation should be so little governed by any apparent rule or law. The one case is

in reality as great a miracle to our understanding as the other.*" And hence, to recur once more to the language of Mr. Darwin, "we are led to look at inheritance as the rule, and non-inheritance as the exception."

Before we proceed to the more direct purpose of our inquiry, let us, by way of giving an instance which shall illustrate both the transmission of remarkable physical peculiarities and the importance which attaches to its investigation, cite a remarkable episodic passage in Mr. Galton's inquiries. Nothing is more familiar to our ordinary experience and comment, quite irrespective of philosophical research, than the notion that fertility is hereditary in particular families, especially among the females. That to marry into such or such a family is a probable way to insure a numerous issue, is what we may call elementary knowledge of the gossip order. Now if the virtue of fecundity be hereditary, the contrary defect, sterility is certainly likely to be so likewise. And Mr. Galton, remarking, as others have done, the notorious fact of the rapid extinction of British peerages, was led to suggest a cause for it which had not, so far as we are aware, been noticed before, and which seems to go some way towards accounting for it. The subjects chosen for his analysis in this instance are the descendants of thirty-one judges who obtained peerages, "and who last sate on the Bench previous to the reign of George IV."

"In order to obtain an answer to these inquiries, I examined into the number of children and grandchildren of all the thirty-one peers, and into the particulars of their alliances, and tabulated them; when, to my astonishment, I found a very simple, adequate, and novel explanation of the common cause of extinction of peerages stare me in the face. It appeared in the first instance, that a considerable proportion of the new peers and of their sons married heiresses. Their motives for doing so are intelligible enough, and not to be condemned. They have a title, and perhaps a sufficient fortune, to transmit to their eldest son; but they want an increase of possessions for the endowment of their younger sons and their daughters. On the other hand, an heiress has a fortune, but wants a title. Thus the peer and heiress are urged to the same issue of marriage by different impulses. But my statistical lists showed, with unmistakable emphasis, that these marriages are peculiarly unpropitious. We might, indeed, have expected that an heiress, who is the sole issue of a marriage, would not be so fertile as a woman who has many brothers and sisters. Comparative infertility must be hered-

* Variation of Animals and Plants, vol. ii. ch. 13.

* Medical Notes and Reflections.

itary in the same way as other physical attributes; and I am assured it is so in the case of the domestic animals. Consequently, the issue of a peer's marriage with an heiress frequently fails, and his title is brought to an end."

After proceeding to illustrate these propositions by a list of every case in the first or second generation of the law lords, taken from the English judges (who last sate on the Bench previous to the close of the reign of George IV.) where there has been a marriage with an heiress or a co-heiress, he sums up the result as follows:—

"1. Out of thirty-one peerages, there were no less than seventeen in which the hereditary influence of an heiress or co-heiress affected the first or second generation. This influence was sensibly an agent in producing sterility in sixteen out of these seventeen peerages, and the influences were sometimes shown in two, three, or more cases in one peerage. 2. The direct male lines of no less than eight peerages, viz. Colepepper, Harcourt, Worthington, Clarendon, Jeffreys, Raymond, Trevor, and Rosslyn, were actually extinguished through the influence of the heiresses; and six others, viz. Shaftesbury, Cowper, Guilford, Parker, Camden, and Talbot, had very narrow escapes from extinction owing to the same cause."

Mr. Galton traces the same cause of decay through the family history of statesmen-peers, and proceeds:—

"The important result disclosed by these facts, that intermarriage with heiresses is a notable agent in the extinction of families, is confirmed by more extended inquiries. I devoted some days to ransacking Burke's volumes on the extant and on the extinct peerages. I first tried the marriages made by the second peers of each extant title. It seemed reasonable to expect that the eldest son of the first peer, the founder of the title, would marry heiresses pretty frequently; and so they do, and with terrible destruction to their race . . .

"I find that among the wives of peers, 100 who are heiresses have 208 sons and 206 daughters: 100 who are not heiresses have 336 sons and 284 daughters . . . One-fifth of the heiresses have no male children at all; a full third have not more than one child (male child, we suppose, though this is not specified); three-fifths have not more than two. It has been the salvation of many families that the husband outlived the heiress whom he first married, and was able to leave issue by a second wife." (Pp. 181-188.)

We will contrast the results thus obtained with those produced by a little investigation of our own. Sovereign princes are, as a rule, unlikely to marry heiresses. This particular impediment to fertility is not likely to exist among them. They usually

intermarry with females of their own hereditary rank, belonging, therefore, to families free, like their own, from this special cause of sterility. Now a slight examination of the Almanac de Gotha gives us, for twenty-nine European sovereigns (nearly all those of the old reigning houses) ninety-six brothers and sisters (of whole blood,) or nearly three apiece. In other words, four children is the average issue (as far as these figures show) of the marriage of a hereditary sovereign. But the number is a good deal larger if, as we suspect, the Almanac is not particular in recording the names of royal brothers and sisters who died infants. Putting the general result at five births to a marriage, we arrive at the fact that the number of births in sovereign houses is greater than the average in the most prolific country of Europe (4·8 in Belgium, according to Maurice Block). And as there are many circumstances connected with Court life which would naturally militate against the multiplication of children, we may pretty fairly infer that the cause of this phenomenon is the hereditary prolificness of the families which thus intermarry.

But if incredulity like that of Mr. Buckle on the subject of hereditary qualities is very unphilosophical, it is necessary, nevertheless, to be on our guard against the opposite extreme. The predisposition of most writers is to the credulous side. They find instances of "inheritance" everywhere. In the pursuit of their favourite theory they neglect the thousand causes of deviation which modify and interfere with the results of nearness of blood. There is no limit to the capacity of philosophers of this description for admitting extraordinary stories. No old nurse, who descants on the wonderful congenital signs and tokens, physical and mental, which she has noticed in the course of her business, is half so romantic on the subject as an anthropologist fairly mounted on his hobby. No wonder, therefore, if works of history and philosophy are full of the most absurd instances, based on no evidence at all or the most insignificant, of marvellous likenesses and transmitted specialities of temper and character; or that the most extravagant political theories are every day founded on certain supposed congenital qualities of people whose ancestors are asserted, on very shadowy evidence, to have been once upon a time Saxons or Celts, Latins or Slaves, in countries where intermixture by marriage has prevailed for many centuries. We take up, almost at hazard, a specimen of this kind of popular triviality from a recent publication, in which we have found, nevertheless,

some matter of interest and value on this as well as other cognate subjects. Dr. Elam, in "A Physician's Problems," cites as a proof of hereditary tallness "the numerous gigantic figures, both of men and of women, met with in Potsdam, where for fifty years the guards of the late Frederick William of Prussia were quartered." Not having ourselves remarked this tendency to lofty stature in the civil population of Potsdam so far as our observation has extended, and remembering that "the late King Frederick William," if by that name is meant the sovereign who delighted in gigantic guardsmen, has been dead a hundred and thirty years, we must be content to wait for farther elucidation. In the meantime we quote a still more astounding statement from the pages of that repertory of marvels, the "Anthropological Review." "Two gentlemen were introduced to each other who had such an extraordinary resemblance that a stranger could hardly distinguish the one from the other. Upon tracing their genealogy back, it was found that they were descended from the same ancestor of five hundred years before. No intermarriage had occurred in the interval, one line having lived in England and the other in Canada!" From whence we learn, among other matters, that Canada has been peopled by Europeans for five hundred years. We cannot refrain from drawing on the stores of Dr. Elam for another specimen of the kind of evidence which the partisans of heredity think it worth their while to adduce. It relates to a young man, born and bred in France, who had never heard English spoken until he came to England, where he had lived only two years. This gentleman, to the surprise of his interlocutor, was heard to pronounce the name "Thistlethwayte" accurately and readily, a name which, Dr. Elam truly observes, no thoroughbred Gaul who ever lived could possibly articulate. It turned out that the speaker had enjoyed the advantage of an Irish grandmother on the mother's side, whom he had never seen! Such idle frivolities as these—and most works on the subject are full of them—go some way to account for the scepticism of judgments like that of Mr. Buckle, and tend to lower the prevalent philosophical spirit of this nineteenth century to that which characterized the early days of the Royal Society, when the book of nature was like a newly opened volume studied by children.

But we have detained our readers too long from Mr. Galton's own exposition of the problem which he proposes to solve.

The proof of the inheritableness of corporeal qualities is no doubt easier than that of mental; but the fact is not more certain. The phenomena of inherited insanity alone would, unhappily, leave no doubt on this point in the mind of any unprejudiced observer. "Some writers," to quote once more Mr. Darwin, have doubted whether those complex mental attributes on which genius and talent depend, are inherited, even when both parents are thus endowed. But he who will read Mr. Galton's able paper* on hereditary talent will have his doubts allayed."

"I propose (says Mr. Galton) to show in this book that a man's natural abilities are derived by inheritance, under exactly the same limitations as are the form and physical features of the whole organic world. Consequently, as it is easy, notwithstanding those limitations, to obtain by careful selection a permanent breed of dogs or horses gifted with peculiar powers of running or of doing anything else, so it would be quite practicable to produce a highly-gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations. I shall show that social agencies of an ordinary character, whose influences are little suspected, are at this moment working towards the degradation of human nature, and that others are working towards its improvement. I conclude that each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow, and maintain that it is a duty we owe to humanity to investigate the range of that power, and to exercise it in a way that, without being unwise towards ourselves, shall be most advantageous to future inhabitants of the earth. . . . The general plan of my argument is to show that high reputation is a pretty accurate test of high ability; next to discuss the relationships of a large body of fairly eminent men—namely, the judges of England from 1660 to 1868, the statesmen of the time of George III., and the Premiers during the last hundred years—and to obtain from these a general survey of the laws of heredity in respect to genius. Then I shall examine, in order, the kindred of the most illustrious commanders, men of literature and of science, poets, painters, and musicians, of whom history speaks. I shall also discuss the kindred of a certain selection of divines and of modern scholars. Then will follow a short chapter, by way of comparison, on the hereditary transmission of physical gifts, as deduced from the relationships of certain classes of oarsmen and wrestlers. Lastly, I shall collate my results, and draw conclusions. . . . There is one advantage left to a candid critic in my having left so large a field untouched; it enables me to propose a test that any well-informed reader may easily adopt who doubts

* The paper thus referred to appeared in "Macmillan's Magazine" for 1855, and has been expanded into the work now before us.

the fairness of my examples. He may most reasonably suspect that I have been unconsciously influenced by my theories to select men whose kindred were most favourable to their support. If so, I beg he will test my impartiality as follows: Let him take a dozen names of his own selection, as the most eminent in whatever profession and in whatever country he knows most about, and let him trace out for himself their relations. It is necessary, as I find by experience, to take some pains to be sure that none even of the immediate relatives, on either the male or female side, have been overlooked. If he does what I propose, I am confident he will be astonished at the completeness with which the result will confirm my theory. I venture to speak with assurance, because it has often occurred to me to propose this very test to incredulous friends, and invariably, so far as my memory serves me, as large a proportion of the men who were named were discovered to have eminent relations as the nature of my views on heredity would have led me to expect." (Pp. 2-5.)

The system of proof thus suggested is wrought out by Mr. Galton, first, by a double "classification" of men of note—"according to their reputation," and "according to their natural gifts." As to these last, he maintains that "analogy clearly shows there must be a fairly constant average mental capacity of the inhabitants of the British Isles, and that the deviations from that average—upwards towards genius and downwards towards stupidity—must follow the law that "governs deviations from all true averages." He tabulates "ability" in a very curious manner, dividing mankind into a certain number of "grades,"—for which we must refer the reader to the work itself (pp. 14-35) as the demonstration could not be made intelligible by extracts. One of his casual observations as to the abundance of unrecognized ability in the world, is worth noting from its conformity with general experience, though not bearing directly on his demonstration:—

"I may mention a class of cases that strikes me forcibly as a proof that a sufficient power of command to lead to eminence in troublous times, is much less unusual than is commonly supposed, and that it lies neglected in the course of ordinary life. In beleaguered towns, as for example during the great Indian mutiny, a certain type of character very frequently made its appearance. People rose into notice who had never previously distinguished themselves, and subsided into their former way of life, after the occasion for exertion was over; while during the continuance of danger and misery, they were the heroes of their situation. They were cool in danger, sensible in council, cheerful under prolonged suffering, humane to

the wounded and sick, encouragers of the faint-hearted. Such people were formed to shine only under exceptional circumstances. They had the advantage of possessing too tough a fibre to be crushed by anxiety and physical misery, and, perhaps in consequence of that very toughness, they required a stimulus of the sharpest kind to goad them to all the exertions of which they were capable." (P. 48.)

This preliminary work completed, Mr. Galton proceeds to furnish us with the "tables" which constitute the chief result of his very laborious, if not to us quite conclusive, researches. For his plan of "notation of kindred," which is the key of this part of the book, we can only refer the reader to the book itself (p. 50). It must be mastered before the reader can pursue the subject. He then "tabulates" the judges of England since the restoration of 1660, statesmen, commanders, literary men, men of science, poets, musicians, painters, divines, not to mention certain more eccentric specimens of greatness, namely, senior classics of Cambridge, "oarsmen," and "wrestlers"; assigns to each name in his lists all the distinguished relatives whom he can find who come within the limits of his system of notation, and thence draws the general conclusion of his labours. "The theory of hereditary genius, though usually scouted," he says in his preface, "has been advocated by a few writers in past as well as in modern times. But I may claim to be the first to treat the subject in a statistical manner, to arrive at numerical results, and to introduce the 'law of deviation from an 'average' into discussion on heredity.'" Now, for reasons already given, we must differ from Mr. Galton at the outset on one point, which has not been without importance in his manner of dealing with the subject. So far from the doctrine of the influence of heredity on genius (using this last word in the loose sense in which Mr. Galton is here using it, as to which more presently) being "usually scouted," we imagine that there is no doctrine more usually admitted. Among philosophers there may be a few paradoxical Buckles; among mankind in general there is, as we have said, no appearance of doubt on the subject. That such and such a person belongs to a "clever family" is as perfectly received a mode of expression as that he belongs to a tall family or a fair family; and no one doubts the influence of the congenital tendencies common to the race in the one case more than the other. Now it is this singular misconception on Mr. Galton's part—this idea that he has the popular prejudice to fight against, in-

stead of having it fighting on his side—which has induced him very much to overstate his case, and to press as evidence on his side many a circumstance which will not bear the stress laid on it. For nothing is clearer than that the children of clever persons have advantages over others in the way of education, emulation, conscious and unconscious imitation, which are quite distinct from any supposed tendency in the blood itself. Dr. Elam, indeed, carries this notion so far as to believe that powers acquired by industry in one generation become hereditary in the next. "The development of the intellectual faculties of the parents" (as he expresses it) "renders the children more capable of receiving instruction." Without going this length, let us merely put the case of two children of equal abilities, born respectively from an inferior and a superior couple in point of intellect. The strongest advocate of "heredity" must surely admit that this is not an impossible case, allowing for the doctrine of "variation." In such a case we may be quite sure that the latter—the child of clever parents—has a much better chance of being well instructed, and through such instruction of becoming "eminent," and filling a place in statistical lists after Mr. Galton's fashion, than the child of the other pair. Here, then, is one great cause which evidently militates against the compilation of any such lists of more than a very general and superficial value.

The next qualification of the doctrine of hereditary talents as proved by statistics, is this: that in a great number of cases a father who has made his way in the world has advantages for bringing forward his sons and other relatives in the career of life beyond what are possessed by others who have not thriven in the same way. A successful family, therefore, means a family of which the members have taken good care of themselves and of each other, rather than one of which the members one by one achieved success according to their deserts. "I have shown," says Mr. Galton, "that social hindrances cannot impede men of high ability from becoming eminent. I shall now maintain that social advantages are incompetent to give that status to a man of moderate ability." Now this, begging our author's pardon, is a position which it is possible no doubt to maintain, but utterly impossible to prove. In fact the ordinary experience of every day abundantly confutes it. We may work out tables (as Mr. Galton has done) of men who have attained certain positions in life—judges, bishops, and so forth—and then we may point to

them as instances of "ability." But in point of fact we know that both judges and bishops, especially the latter, do constantly attain these positions without any display of *exceptional* ability at all. They reach them by a thousand turns of fortune and vicissitudes of favour. Any classification which includes all these as "eminent" men is objectionable from extreme generality. Any reasoning which deduces from such classification a theory of hereditary ability is subject to the double fallacy, first of assuming eminence as a test of ability, which is at best a most imperfect one; secondly of selecting one presumed cause of success—peculiarity of blood—where many more obvious and probable causes of success are discoverable.

The truth is that the success in life which leads to distinction is due to two causes, the one consisting in natural aptitude or ability, the other in surrounding circumstances. Even if it be possible to refer the former condition to the laws of descent, who shall attempt to calculate the variations of the latter? Who shall say how often talents of a high order are repressed by penury, by the want of education, by the drudgery of life? We cannot agree with Mr. Galton that men endowed with a certain amount of genius always force their way to the front ranks of society. For one who succeeds, a hundred, perhaps not inferior in natural gifts, fail and perish by the way. Like the seed of the sower, much of it falls on rocky ground.

"The world has never known its greatest men."

And if this be true in one sense, it is not less certain that many of those whose names are rescued from oblivion owe their celebrity to favourable opportunity, to patronage or family influence, or to what is termed good fortune, quite as much as to their natural gifts. Mr. Galton asserts, taking the names contained in the "Men of the Day" for his text, that in this country about one man in 4,000 rises to eminence. But to prove his point he should show that the nameless majority start from the same level as the small minority who leave a name behind them. That is notoriously not the case.

Let us make our meaning clearer by a very simple instance. There is no part of his labours on which Mr. Galton relies with so much evident complacency as the analysis of the relationship of the "judges of England between 1660 and 1865." They form, he says, "a group peculiarly well fitted to afford a general outline of the extent and limitation of heredity in respect of genius. A judgeship is a guarantee of its

possessor being fitted with exceptional ability. . . . In other countries it may be different to what it is with us; but we all know that in England the Bench is never spoken of without reverence for the intellectual power of its occupiers." Sweeping assertions: but let these pass, and let us assume, as perhaps may safely be assumed, that to be the parent, child, or relative of a judge is to be the parent, child, or relative of a clever man, in a majority of cases sufficient to constitute a rule. That the relatives of clever men are clever is therefore proved in this way: about 112 judges (it is difficult to give the number exactly, as from Mr. Galton's method of compiling his lists there is a good deal of repetition) have had somewhat more than 250 relatives, ascending, descending, and collateral, sufficiently famous to appear in Mr. Galton's catalogue; though it must be confessed, he seems to be a little hard driven for instances when he resorts to such specimens of intellectual power as "General Sir William Draper, the well-known antagonist of Junius," and "Queen Anne," whom her Hyde descent places in the category. But, on looking a little closer, a specialty soon makes itself observed, which throws a considerable shadow of doubt over the whole exemplification. Out of these 250 elder relations of judges more than 100 have been lawyers themselves. Now, unless we are to assume, not only that talent is hereditary, but that the special talent of the lawyer is hereditary also, this is certainly rather a startling result of the general doctrine. And it does in truth point out distinctly how small a share hereditary talent — of which we do not in the least deny the reality — bears in the total mass of the causes which lead to worldly success. For every one knows that the law is among the most hereditary professions. And judges have a somewhat better chance of pushing on their sons in their own profession than other lawyers have. The favour of a father cannot secure a continuance of briefs to a man who is positively a fool, but short of this it can do a great deal. One of the earliest names in Mr. Galton's list of judges is that of Atkyns. There have been four judges of the name and (let us just note in passing) nobody, except a law student or a painstaking county antiquary, ever heard more than the name of any of them. These Atkynses are credited with seven or eight remarkable relatives, but of these there is only one who was not a lawyer, and he was reader of Lincoln's Inn. The whole list has the unmistakable character of a snug little family party of jobbers, rather than that of

a galaxy of genius. The combined houses of Finch and Legge — somewhat better known to fame — furnish us with eight distinguished lawyers against two distinguished in other ways, although one of these — "Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood" — is forced into the list, only under the somewhat farfetched denomination of "grandmother's nephew to Sir Heneage Finch," and that "doubtful." The Lytteltons count six lawyers against one solitary personage qualified as "Speaker of the House of Commons," but who was probably in his youth a lawyer also. Now it is surely unnecessary for us to repeat, that to suppose that all these successful wearers of the forensic gown owed their fame and achievements to certain congenital peculiarities of their race would be about as wild as to suppose that they derived them from the "contagion of the gown" itself.

The same important modifications of our author's general conclusion are deducible, more or less, from the lists which he gives of persons distinguished in other lines. Though there are few such close hereditary corporations as that of the law, yet the same trades' union spirit exists in many more. Taking up the chapter of literary men, we find that all the eminent members — forty-seven in all — of the races of Boileau, Roscoe, Grotius, Von Schlegel, Seneca, Swift, Taylor of Norwich, Taylor of Omgar — have been literary men: that is, they have one and all written books, good, bad, or indifferent. Now, did the principle of hereditary talent by itself account for the phenomena, these forty-seven would have dispersed themselves over a great variety of careers, and achieved their victories in many different ways. That they all took to writing is a proof, not that they were influenced by physiological causes predisposing them to write, but that they possessed certain tendencies that way from education, emulation, habit, or the simple necessity of living in the easiest mode to which the family connexion with booksellers invited them; and in this way many, who have really no claim to eminence at all, obtain from external circumstances a place in the list. When we are told by ancient chroniclers that there were eight tragic poets in the family of *Æschylus*, our rational conclusion is, not that there is a hereditary instinct for writing tragedies, but that writing tragedies had become in that family a hereditary occupation, which is a very different thing.

The same inherited professional aptitude, so to speak, is observable in a considerable, though less, degree in the families of

divines. What small interest a clergyman may possess lies mostly in the Church itself, and his son takes to the university and the pulpit more naturally than another, and more easily attains in it something which in a catalogue may pass for distinction. Generally, it is observable that the hereditary character of professions, or a tendency to the caste system, has been in England a characteristic of quiet times, when generation succeeded generation with little disturbance of ordinary routine. It was very marked in the tranquil century from the English to the French Revolution; somewhat less so in the troubled days which preceded, when unaided talent and audacity had better chance of making their way to the front; much less so in our own time, when the spread of commercial wealth and that of general education have brought forward in the professions a more considerable proportion than formerly of new men.

But perhaps the most singular instance in Mr. Galton's book of the propensity to push a favourite fancy to the wildest extremes — unless we are really to read it as a piece of grave irony on his own preceding lucubrations — is to be found in his chapters on "oarsmen and wrestlers."

"I propose (he commences) to supplement what I have written about brain by two short chapters on muscle. No one doubts but muscle is hereditary in horses and dogs, but mankind are so blind to facts and so governed by preconceptions, that I have heard it frequently asserted that muscle is not hereditary in man. Oarsmen and wrestlers have maintained that their heroes spring up capriciously, so I have thought it advisable to make inquiries into the matter. The results I have obtained will beat down another place of refuge for those who insist that each man is an independent creation, and not a mere function, physically, morally, and intellectually, of ancestral qualities and external influences."

He accordingly "tabulates" certain eminent oarsmen of Newcastle, where he assures us that "a perfect passion for rowing pervades large classes," and of North-country wrestlers; and shows, what no doubt is very easy to show, that there are a good many families in which rowing powers and wrestling powers are very common. But how far does this contribute towards proving his case of physical inheritance? Surely the propensity of son to imitate his father, and younger brother to rival his elder, in that line of muscular exertion of which each has the exhibition every day under his eyes, is quite sufficient to account for the phenomenon without more recondite natural

causes. That a "Clasper" should take to the oar on the Tyne, and a "Tinian" go in on every occasion for the belt at Penrith, is not a matter involving deep physiological secrets. We should be easily convinced that a muscular parent often produces a muscular son by the law of nature. But that the law of nature implants in successive generations aptitude for exerting muscle in rowing or wrestling respectively, is a much rasher proposition. How far is this classification to descend? Does stroke oar inherit his special quality from a paternal stroke oar? And are "bows" for the most part in possession of pedigrees showing that their ancestors have regularly become glorious in the occupation of the same seat of the boat? The incredulous are not likely to be converted by exaggerations such as these.

Thus far we have been only endeavouring to show that Mr. Galton does rather harm than good to the opinion which he advocates, by the extreme minuteness of tabulation through which he seeks to establish it. When we are seriously told that the fact of a Lord Chancellor's son becoming a judge, or the son of a successful author writing a book, is to be taken as proof that "est in juvenis, est in equis patrum virtus," we naturally draw back from a conclusion so absurdly opposed to what we know from common study of life of the connexion of cause and effect in such matters. We remain, however, not the less convinced of the fundamental truth of the theory; nor do we deny, after witnessing the extraordinary success with which the statistical method has been applied to inquiries into human conduct and propensities, that the key of this enigma may not be found one day in statistics likewise; but we cannot say that Mr. Galton has discovered it, or approached to the establishment of a system, although he has succeeded in propounding much matter of interest in a desultory way.

But we are only on the threshold of a more important, and far more difficult problem. "The arguments," says Mr. Galton, "by which I endeavour to prove that genius is hereditary, consist in showing how large is the number of instances in which men who are more or less illustrious have eminent kinsfolk." Here the key-words of the inquiry are used in a permissible and popular, but certainly not a scientific, sense. What is the meaning of the word "genius" and of the word "eminent"? As to the second, Mr. Galton, as we have seen, considers that for his purposes any one who has attained a post of distinction,

or become known to the public as a man of action or of letters, may be termed "eminent." Perhaps for the very general object of this inquiry such a rough definition may be admissible. As to the first, he deals with it in his ingenious chapters on the "classification of men according to their natural gifts," in which, as we have already said, he draws up a table of eight grades of natural ability, whether in respect of general powers or of special aptitudes; and endeavours to apply the conclusions at which he has arrived respecting hereditary influences to each. We prefer, for our own part, a looser and less pretentious mode of classification, being satisfied that this is one of the many subjects connected with "anthropology" on which the commonest source of error is the attempt to particularise overmuch. And we must premise that we are about to use common words in their popular sense only, for the purpose of being commonly understood, and without too close attempt at philosophical accuracy.

When we speak of intellectual gifts, and especially such as we are disposed to think congenital and not acquired by industry, we commonly use three special words to designate them: Ability, Talents, Genius. By ability we think is commonly meant — and in that sense we intend ourselves to use the word — an adaptation of the mental faculties to achieve success in any task in which they may be engaged. By talents, a special adaptation of the faculties to succeed in this or that pursuit. Let us observe an eminent lawyer conducting a case, or, still more appropriately, conducting a succession of cases one after another. To do this in a masterly manner requires Ability of the very highest order. It does not necessarily require Talent of any kind. Oratorical talent is of value to a great lawyer, but it is not essential. The gift of memory (which we rank as a "talent") is of still more value; but it is not absolutely essential either. The grasp of mind which seizes the bearings of a complicated question, the comprehensive intellect which follows out the motives and meanings and conduct of men into their remotest processes, the eye of generalship which perceives the exact moment at which certain resources are to be made available and certain dangers avoided; these constitute the higher qualities of the lawyer, and these, taken together, illustrate our notion of Ability. And Ability, in this lofty sense, is not less sure of supremacy in other great intellectual pursuits of a complicated kind — statesmanship, military command, the conduct of a

bank, the management of a railway, the *quicquid agunt homines* of that order which taxes the faculties the most — than it is in courts of justice. Nor is sheer Ability in truth, less predominant in literary pursuits. It maintains its place against those special faculties which we call talents, in perhaps a preponderating amount of instances. The historian, the philosopher, the essayist, nay, the man of science, where that science is not merely the fruit of special observation, but is of the higher and architectonic order, all these — supposing that their powers have not been so great as to receive by common consent the designation of Genius — triumph in their several departments through their ability. Nay, in the imaginative domain of poetry itself, the man of ability, if he is in earnest, can find and maintain a place of his own, if not in the highest rank at least among the foremost; as many a great work in English and still more in French and Latin verse remains to testify.

By Talent we mean a special aptitude, which may be consistent with very imperfect adaptation of the mental faculties to general use. Thus we speak of the talent of the artist, musician, arithmetician, poet, and so forth; often, to the surprise of the multitude, found in combination with general inferiority of intellect, sometimes almost with imbecility. Ability, on the whole, plays a far greater part in the world than Talent; but it is to talent, nevertheless, that we are indebted for most of what ministers to our higher intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, and redeems life from its common-place character.

Now assuming the theory of heredity to be well founded, it becomes a question of some nicety which of these two great qualities, ability or talent, comes most frequently within its law? A question not very easily answered, for both are frequently, so to speak, sporadic; manifesting themselves when sudden occasion calls for their development, and retreating, as it were, into obscurity as soon as the occasion for that development has passed by.

We believe it will be found, on the whole, that ability is more frequently hereditary than talent. Numerous cases of what commonly passes for hereditary talent are not really so. They arise from other causes than the influence of blood. They are especially subject to those influences which M. Lordat calls "didactic." If we find a father and a son possessed of the same special gift — that of playing the fiddle, for instance, or portrait-painting — the first and most obvious conclusion, as we have seen, would be, not that the son has "followed

his profession because he is instinctively drawn to it," as Mr. Galton would have it, but that the son, possessing fair aptitude, has been carefully instructed in his particular line by the father, or has followed him by natural imitation. But no teaching by the father, no industrious imitation by the son, can convey Ability, in the sense in which we have used the word. And, therefore, when we find not only father and son, but whole families, as is often the case, distinguished for general ability, we have probably the most striking corroboration of the theory of heredity which can be found; far more cogent than those instances of mere special gifts, supposed hereditary, which most writers on the subject, including Mr. Galton as well as M. Lucas, are apt to employ as affording the readiest means of demonstration.

Our English society, so eminently aristocratic, furnishes a great repertory of facts of this description. No one who has read our histories — no one who has even studied the peerage — no one, indeed, who has mixed much in society — will be likely to question the fact that whole families are so gifted in this way that it is an uncommon circumstance to find an absolutely commonplace personage among them. And another remarkable proposition we would venture to advance on the evidence of public notoriety only, without anticipating contradiction — no man of ability was ever the son of a couple of fools. But it is noteworthy also, in how very many cases this general high average of ability in a family seems to be accompanied with a powerlessness to rise still higher than that average. Every one of us — we appeal again to general observation — must be conversant with cases of families in which almost every member is clever, but not one very clever. None rises much above the average, though few or none seem to fall below it. And one remarkable instance of the kind we will cite from history as an explanation of our meaning rather than a proof, as single instances prove nothing. The Grenville family were for two or three generations a great power in our state. They had every opportunity of success in the line of politics which could be given to mortals. Several of them were "distinguished," almost all of them were "able," men. And a curious similarity of turn and temperament seemed to unite them all. But not one was *very* able. No Grenville ever said or did a thing particularly worth remembering, if we except the unlucky author of the "American Stamp Act." But when Grenville ability became crossed with the loftier qualifications inherited

through the blood of Pitt, the result was of a very different order.

Perhaps it is no mere indulgence of the imagination to point out, as a singular instance of pertinacity of family type, the fortunes of the famous house of Fairfax. The Parliamentary general left no male issue; and, through marriage with the heiress of Colepepper, his collateral successor acquired a vast estate in Virginia, extending from the shores of the Potomac to the Alleghany. His descendants have multiplied in that region of the United States.* The present Lord Fairfax is a physician at Baltimore. Now, for these last two hundred years, they seemed to have retained among them the leading qualities which characterised the chief of the name — a chivalrous turn of mind, military aptitude, and religious zeal. Irving attributes a good deal of the character of General Washington, as formed in early life, to his familiarity with his relations, the Fairfaxes, especially William, "a man of liberal education and intrinsic worth," who lived at Belvoir, the wooded promontory which projects into the Potomac immediately south of Mount Vernon. He is described as an eccentric personage, who had retired into the wilderness from some disappointment in love, but retained much of courtly manners. In the late civil war, all the numerous Fairfaxes adopted eagerly the side of the South, except one — and he was the officer detached by Captain Wilkes to arrest Mason and Slidell. The younger members took up arms, mostly as privates, and deeply imbued with that spirit of warlike puritanism of which Stonewall Jackson was as exalted a type as the original Thomas Fairfax himself. One, Eugene, fell at Williamsburg — "a devoted Christian." Another, Randolph Fairfax, is the subject of a beautiful and touching piece of biography by the Reverend Philip Slaughter, of Richmond. He entered Jackson's army as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery at the age of eighteen. The letters of this gallant youth, chiefly to his mother, are models of simple, unconscious enthusiasm. He was of the Episcopal Church, and well known among his comrades — among whom a similar zealous temperament largely prevailed — by the well-worn New Testament which was his constant companion in the bivouac, after his prayer-book — only second in his estimation — had fallen into the hands of the Yankees with his luggage. He had no doubt of his cause, or of the means to ensure victory. "I think," he writes,

* See Mr. Clements Markham's recent Biography of the General, p. 400.

"the fate of the country is now in the hands of the praying people, and though I cannot see how or when, I believe God will certainly answer the prayers of His faithful people in the land." He was killed on the spot by a fragment of shell, in the battle of Fredericksburg.

We cannot long pursue inquiries into the subject of hereditary mental powers and propensities in families, without entering on that obscure province of it which has lately received the name of Atavism—the tendency in individuals to reproduce the peculiarities, not of the parent, but of the grandparent or some remoter ancestor. Observation on this head seems as yet to have failed, not only in laying down rules, but in accumulating sufficient examples for the elements of a theory. But that some such exceptional law of nature does exist seems to be the general opinion of physiologists. There is one rather remarkable instance of Atavism—if we shall not be deemed too fanciful in so terming it—in the annals of great European houses. No modern royal house has exhibited such a general preponderance of natural ability as that of Hohenzollern. But it seems to produce alternately—generation after generation—men of imaginative temperaments, not to say visionaries and eccentrics, and men of clear practical intellect. And thus the throne has been ascended, for nearly two centuries, alternately by an able ruler and by what the Germans call a Phantast. Frederick William the First, indeed, combined to a certain extent both characters. He was a man of strong mental energy, yet withal of an eccentricity approaching to madness, and full of strange crochets. "His wild imagination drove him hither and thither at a sad rate," says his panegyrist Mr. Carlyle, who considers that his mania for collecting and propagating tall guardsmen was a whim of genius. His son, Frederick the Great, was gifted with as keen and unencumbered an intellect as ever was owned by mortal. Frederick William the Second, who succeeded his uncle, was an *illuminé*, a dreamer of dreams, what would now be called a Spiritualist. His son, the warrior King of the Coalition against Napoleon, inherited the sound practical character of his grandfather, though of course much inferior in mental power. And the son of this last, the late Frederick William, reproduced the type of the Visionary—an amiable enthusiast, whose well-meant efforts at constructing a romantic mediæval Church and State in the clouds we all remember. At his death ensued another break in the direct succession;

and we may dispense with pursuing the analysis farther.

Now, as we have already observed, we conceive talent—special aptitude of the mind for special purposes—to be undoubtedly heritable, though less frequently inherited than general ability. We will not dwell on the cases of families of painters, musicians, mathematicians, and the like, to which we have already referred as somewhat questionable, because they may really be due to a combination of other causes; still, these are too numerous and well authenticated to be disregarded as writers like Mr. Buckle would disregard them. Every one's knowledge of his neighbour's family history will more or less corroborate them. And so will popular tradition respecting great houses everywhere. The "*esprit des Mortemars*" was proverbial in France. "There is an old saying in our county of Cornwall," observed the poet Lord Lansdowne, "that a Trelawney never wanted courage, nor a Godolphin wit, nor a Granville loyalty." There is among us at this day a ducal family of which the members in one generation, while in other respects persons of ability, are specially distinguished by one not very common faculty—aptitude for numerical calculation; developing itself, according to their several temperaments, in lavish statistical argument on public affairs, in the mastery of complicated accounts, and at the whist-table. Another very distinguished house might be named, in which a predominant spirit of contrivance has displayed itself, through successive generations, in large speculations, in the "management" of the Cabinets of the last century, and in the government of a railroad in this. In cases like these, hereditary idiosyncrasy furnishes the only explanation, unless we are determined to regard them as accidental. A musician's son may take to music from education or imitation. But when a family talent for calculation or for construction takes wholly different directions in different members, this persistence of special qualities can only be accounted for, if at all, by physical cause: "*non hæc sine numine divum eveniunt.*"

This would perhaps be the natural stage of our inquiry for entering into the question of the relative physical influence of the father and mother in the formation of the character of children. But no part of the subject is as yet so obscure, or so little illustrated by anything like copious induction. The popular notion that distinguished men owe most to their mothers does not seem to meet with much favour

from physiological inquirers. The only doctrine which has been boldly propounded on the subject seems to be that of the mystic Jacob Böhme, who reveals to us that in the formation of children men contribute the soul and women the intellect. Mr. Galton has arrived from his table at the somewhat overdrawn conclusion that the ratio of distinguished kinships, through male and female respectively, is almost identical in his five first columns—namely, in the cases of judges, statesmen, commanders, men of literature, and men of science; and is as seventy to thirty, or more than two to one, in favour of the male side. "The only reasonable solution which I can suggest," he adds, "besides that of inherent incapacity in the female line for transmitting the peculiar forms of ability we are now discussing is, that the aunts, sisters, and daughters of eminent men do not marry, on the average, so frequently as other women" (p. 328). The reasons for which he thinks may be, first, that such women do not so readily meet with mates up to their own mark; the second, less complimentary, that they are apt to be "shy and odd," and also "dogmatic and self-asserting, and therefore less attractive to men." He however infers from his records "that it appears to be very important to success in science that a man should have a clever mother." But inasmuch as he adds that he "believes the reason to be that a child so circumstanced has the good fortune to be delivered from the ordinary narrowing paritizan influences of home education" (p. 196), it is clear that he is here ascribing to the mother a didactic influence, and not that of blood,—a confusion from which his speculations are, as we have seen, not always exempt. He also collects from his statistical inquiries that "the influence of the female line has an unusually large effect in qualifying a man to become eminent in the religious world;" and believes that "the reasons laid down when speaking of scientific men will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to divines" (p. 276). As he somewhat quaintly adds, "it requires unusual qualifications, and some of them of a feminine cast, to become a leading theologian.*" If

* If, however, eminent divines have as a rule been fortunate in their mothers, it does not appear that they are equally so (in all respects) in their wives:—"The frequency with which the divines became widowers is a remarkable fact, especially as they did not usually marry when young. I account for the early deaths of their wives on the supposition that their constitutions were weak; and my reasons for thinking so are twofold—first, a very large proportion of them died in childhood . . . ; secondly, it appears that the wives of the divines were usually women of great plety; now it will be shown a little

we were to venture on a very hesitating opinion, derived both from studying collections of facts like Mr. Galton's and from general observation, it would be this: that ability—general aptitude—comes frequently from the mother; talent—special aptitude—more generally from the father. But for this, again, there are reasons quite independent of any "hereditary" theory. Mothers, in education, contribute much to form the general character; it is chiefly the father who directs the mind to its peculiar pursuit.

This question of sexual "prepotence" we must however pass by, together with another still more curious ramification of it, rather indicated than pursued by Mr. Darwin in his sub-chapter on "Inheritance as limited by sex"—the supposed descent of special peculiarities from female to female and male to male respectively. Let us return to the more general inquiry from which we have thus far digressed. If we admit as probable the conclusions which have thus far been suggested, namely, that Ability and Talent are both liable to be inherited, but the former more frequently so than the latter, what shall we say of that higher and finer quality to which we give the vague, but generally intelligible, denomination of Genius? Let us begin by coming to an accord as to the meaning of the name. In the first place, genius may be a kind of exceptional attribute of minds not altogether of the first order of endowment. The original, creative, faculty is in itself superior to all other qualities; but any particular development of it may be of an inferior class. Any one possessed of a fine taste for music can readily distinguish between genius in a composer and mere talent of execution. But, unless we are misinformed on the subject, there are composers of real genius who have, nevertheless, made less mark in the musical world than others not so inspired. So in literature, which affords perhaps the readiest examples. We often, and truly, speak of works of genius, still more often perhaps of writers as possessing genius, without intending thereby to express any very high amount of estimation. They have the ethereal fire which renders them a different order of beings from other men; but they have misused it, or neglected it, or possessed it only in limited quantity. Mr. Beckford, the wonder of half a century ago, was a man of real genius. In his "Vathek," and still more in his *Travels in Italy and Portugal*, there are passages of

further on, that there is a frequent correlation between an unusually devout disposition and a weak constitution." (P. 233.)

the very highest imaginative order, a sense of the picturesque approaching to sublimity. Yet no one would assign to him a very high rank in literature. His genius, though real, was fitful, and its manifestations not of an attractive kind. Richard Ford's Handbook for Spain is commonly ranged on our shelves and in our minds with the rest of its useful, brick-coloured brethren. But that unpretending volume is instinct with original genius to which no other Handbook that ever was compiled makes the slightest pretence. We have taken commonplace instances, because they suit our meaning the best. Any one can apply the doctrine further by analysing the effect produced on his mind by such literature as he is familiar with. That is, any one who has the power of finding out and appreciating genius, a faculty very far from universal. There are many spirits, not otherwise ill-provided with acuteness, to which the distinctive presence of genius, whether in literature, or art, or life, is imperceptible. Our old friend Pepys the diarist was a man of ability, and not without pretensions to taste; but he thought "Othello" a very inferior play to "The Adventures of Five Hours." Nevertheless, special quality as it doubtless is, we may perhaps agree in Voltaire's definition of genius, in the inferior sense in which we are now treating of it, as being after all only a higher order of talent.

Is genius, thus understood, physically inheritable? It were bold to affirm to the contrary, but the instances seem so rare that they might fairly pass, in the eyes of a skeptic, for fortuitous. Notwithstanding all the pains taken by Mr. Galton to construct pedigrees of gifted men, we can only at present remember one clear instance of an English author of real genius belonging to a family of kinsmen remarkable for talent: it is that of Coleridge.

But if this kind of sterility or isolation be truly predicable of genius, even of that lower and more every day kind with which we have been hitherto dealing, what are we to say of the doctrine of heredity as applied to genius of the really exalted order — to those minds which subjugate our very powers of judgment, inasmuch that we are compelled to own,

"That we can judge as fitly of their worth
As men can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know."

If we follow the almost unanimous voice of our instructors, we shall say that genius of this order, at all events, is absolutely kinless. True genius, say Spurzheim, Virey, Lordat, and their disciples, is always

isolated. "The extremes," says Dr. Elam, "are solitary; that is, do not transmit their characteristics. The lowest grade of intellect, the perfect idiot, is unfruitful: the highest genius is unfruitful as regards its psychological character: true genius does not descend to posterity. There may be talent and ability in the ancestry and in the descendants, directed to the same pursuits even; but from the time that the development culminates in true genius it begins to wane."

To this leading truth surely all the records which we possess bear witness, although Mr. Galton, who seems by no means fully alive to this essential distinction of rank in the hierarchy of great men, tries as far as he can to include men of genius in his tables. Let us take the case of literary greatness alone, not as more remarkable than others, but as that of which examples are most at hand and least questionable. Shakespeare and Milton for England; Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau for France; Goethe and Schiller for Germany; Dante and Machiavel for Italy; these may stand, not as the loftiest names by universal assent (we decline all controversy), but as those most frequently in men's mouths when personifying the literary genius of their respective nations, and as possessing that recognised stamp of supremacy which moves us to involuntary respect whenever they are mentioned. In the case of not one of these is there the slightest evidence of genius being inherited by them or derived from them. They were mostly of quite undistinguished ancestors; none remarkable in a father, except that Milton may have derived a musical organization from his; several died childless; of none has child or grandchild, notwithstanding the social advantages of such a relationship, attained any distinction worth noting. And if the same course of investigation were applied to the highest genius in its other manifestations, we suspect that the result would be the same. Even in the art of the painter, where kinship is so remarkable a phenomenon, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci stand alone. In music, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn left no rivals of their own race. No recorded son of men — such at least is our own judgment — ever was gifted with such genius, in his own sphere, as Napoleon I. Of all his numerous and well-cared for kindred, not one evinced anything more than a respectable amount of ability; and Flattery itself renounced in despair the endeavour to make him out any but the most commonplace pedigree.

Omitting, however, the case of sheer ge-

nus as exceptional, some may think the evidence in favour of the hereditary transmission of intellectual peculiarities so overwhelming as to dispose them to agree with Sir Henry Holland that the real subject of surprise is, "not that a character should be inherited, but that any should ever fail to be inherited." They might almost be inclined to adopt Voltaire's lively suggestion, that if as much care were taken in managing the breeds of men as those of animals, "les généalogies seraient écrites sur les visages et se manifesteraient dans les mœurs." But there is assuredly no danger, or no hope, of the creation anywhere of such a race of intellectual patricians. In the first place, "mirus Amor" would very certainly render any efforts towards it fruitless by introducing his own capricious exceptions. And, in the next place, if our very elementary knowledge of this branch of physiology has established anything it is this: that from some unknown causes, hereditary peculiarities are certain to die out in time, and most likely to die out early. Such was the judgment of the ancients according to the experience of old times. The most brilliant families, says Aristotle, pass off into insanity; those of steadier ability, into idiocy. Or, as the same notion was polished into a proverb, "heroum filii noxæ: amentes, Hippocratis filii." "The upward movement (le mouvement ascendant) of the high faculties which distinguished so many founders of families almost always stops short at the third generation, rarely continues to the fourth, and scarcely ever beyond the fifth," is the judgment of Prosper Lucas. How far this apparent brevity

of duration, in families, of the hereditary transmission of ability, may be reconciled with Mr. Darwin's general views of the durability of inheritance, inquiries starting from more advanced knowledge may possibly determine. But it is consistent, at all events, with one fundamental law of human nature, which limits the progress of the individual, if not of the species. Each generation inherits the accumulated knowledge of its predecessors. But the individuals of each generation inherit no increase of intellectual power. It is no more possible to add a cubit to the mental than to the bodily stature. Physical training gives health and vigour to the physical faculties; but only up to a certain point, and that a point which has assuredly been reached before. Mr. Galton's "oarsmen" and "wrestlers" may maintain inherited supremacy as a body; but the individual best oarsman of this generation is not, except accidentally, a better man than he of the last. Well-trained men may be stronger, swifter, more enduring, than those who are not so; but you cannot train a man to be strong, or swift, or enduring beyond a certain limit, and that a limit which we may be sure some other man has already reached. And, in the like manner, mental cultivation reaches inevitably its appointed maximum. No combination which we are entitled to conceive as possible of hereditary influences will produce an individual fitted with mental powers beyond a standard, not so definable indeed as that of bodily powers, but quite as certain. "Es ist dafür gesorgt," says the German proverb, "das die Bäume nicht in den Himmel wachsen."

The fabled alligator captured in the Thames some months ago has been surpassed by a hippopotamus sporting itself in the Seine. The scarcity of water has been so great in the Jardin des Plantes, that his majesty had been taken by his keepers to the river for his daily bath, securely held, as was thought, by his chain. One day, however, he snapped his chain during his gambols, to the no small dismay of the *blanchisseuses* and steam-boat passengers, one lot of whom he threatened to demolish at a mouthful. Several keepers who attempted to board him were treated to a playful dacking, but after the upsetting of a good number of small boats, he was at length captured and hauled ashore. The poor brute must have thought that the good old times of the pre-glacial epoch had returned.

AMERICAN OPIUM.—The *Journal of Applied Chemistry*, in a recent number, states that Mr. C. Wilson, of Monkton, Vermont, sowed, in the spring of 1868, rather more than six and a quarter acres with opium poppy seed. The yield from the gathered juice of the poppy heads or capsules was 640 pounds, which, when dried, became marketable opium. For this the grower obtained prices ranging from \$8 to \$10 per pound, from druggists and physicians in New England. The opium furnished 6.25 per cent. of morphine. It is stated that Professor Proctor thinks, with greater care in obtaining the pure juice of the capsules, the opium might be made to yield ten per cent. of morphia. The proportion of this alkaloid which the best Turkey opium is capable of affording varies from nine to fourteen per cent.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ABOUT WHAT THE OLD EGYPTIANS
KNEW.

PERHAPS it is true that, ever since man first found himself at large upon the earth, and commissioned to replenish and subdue it, he has been improving in wisdom and accomplishments. Interruptions more or less partial we know that there have been, when the world seemed to be going back; but these may have been only the reflux of the waves in a tide which, notwithstanding undulations, was clearly gaining ground, and majestically overspreading the strands of simplicity and ignorance. Thus the history of the world, like the history of a nation, is a record of the advance of man from the first dawn of knowledge, by a rather unsteady progression, to modern philosophy and art and sciences; and an examination of any considerable period of time is sure to show us mankind more instructed and more capable at the end of it than at the beginning.

The above was a universal creed fifty or sixty years since, and it is apprehended that, even to-day, any other belief may be counted heretical. But what are we to think when the antiquary, grubbing in the dust and silt of five thousand years ago to discover some traces of infant effort—some rude specimens of the ages of Magog and Mizraim, in which we may admire the germ that has since developed into a wonderful art—breaks his shins against an article so perfect that it equals, if it does not excel, the supreme stretch of modern ability? How shall we support the theory if it come to our knowledge that before Noah was cold in his grave his descendants were adepts in construction and in the fine arts, and that their achievements were for magnitude such as, if we possess the requisite skill, we never attempt to emulate? It is not intended to answer these questions here; they are proposed only because modern inquiry is bringing to light so many methods of measuring the achievements of the men of old, and so many facts belonging to their days, that bold comparisons have been made already, and schools will certainly take sides as to the continuity or the rise and fall of intellectual advancement. The object of this paper is rather to recapitulate some of the things which one very old nation knew in early days; and this is attempted not because there is lack of accurate and most interesting information within reach of the general reader, but because the information is imbedded in thick volumes, so teeming every one with new facts, new speculations, and new connec-

tions, that the results which they exhibit cannot be reached but with labour and research; for the learned expositors are in this respect but pioneers advancing cautiously with tablets in their hands but swords dangling at their wrists, pausing at every stage to survey their position, and to do or obviate battle for the ground gained. Thus their works are necessarily diffuse; and thus it is that the student, rather than he who drinks of knowledge by the wayside, appropriates the lore which they present.

Egyptology, though, like geology, a strictly modern science, yet busies itself with things anterior to all history; and as the authority for all geological doctrine must be the book of nature, so sound Egyptology must rest on that marvellous book, the works which the remote Egyptians have left for our perusal. But there is this difference between the two sciences; namely, that whereas there is not reason to think that any one before the end of last century ever recorded a fact with a view to unfold the early growth of the earth, we know now (and we have not known it long) that there were men in the dark, dubious, but no longer unfathomable past, who took effectual means for preserving some points and outlines, if no more, of early Egyptian chronicles. Yes; they wrought enduring hieroglyphics which for ages since the Christian era were to the reader foolishness, which were at length, by the power of strong indefatigable minds, made to yield up some portion of their hid treasures, and the full import of which may yet be unravelled, abounding more and more to perfect knowledge; for the inscriptions are innumerable, and the art of deciphering them is steadily advancing. But while profound investigators are with much travail slowly accumulating their facts and establishing their theorems, lo, Egypt herself suddenly starts into activity, and once more challenges the attention of the world! No longer a worm-eaten, musty theme, relegated to Dryasdusts and profound thinkers, she interests now the active, the enterprising, the politic, the mighty of the age. The days are fast coming when to know nothing accurately of her past will argue an indifference to her future, and when indifference to her future will be a reproach. Every one of us who knows anything at all has a pretty correct implicit knowledge of Egypt—can talk of the Pharaohs and Sesostris, of the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the obelisks—and knows that “ancient,” “marvellous,” “colossal,” “wise,” are epithets applicable to her monuments and her people; but when it

comes to measuring or defining the antiquity, knowledge, power, achievements, &c., there is not such prompt utterance. It is for us, then, to talk over the things which have been established regarding ancient Egypt, and to evolve clear ideas of her characteristics, avoiding discussions and controversies which Time, the unraveller, will probably determine for us, and keeping as clear as we may of extreme views and wild speculations.

As we have not yet discovered any trace of the rude savage Egypt, but have seen her in her very earliest manifestations already skilful, erudite, and strong, it is impossible to determine the order of her inventions. Light may yet be thrown upon her rise and progress, but our deepest researches have hitherto shown her to us as only the mother of a most accomplished race. How they came by their knowledge is matter for speculation—that they possessed it is matter of fact. We never find them without the ability to organize labour, or shrinking from the very boldest efforts in digging canals and irrigating, in quarrying rock, in building and in sculpture; and as it was through these arts that attention was, during long, dark, sleepy ages, kept drowsily fixed upon Egypt, until at last the world woke up to some appreciation of her, there is reason for considering them first.

In the first historical reign—the reign of Menes—there was a little dabbling in water-works, but merely this, that the whole stream of the Nile, or of one of its main branches, was diverted from its course to favour the planting of the city of Memphis. The engineer who undertook the job—and tradition credits the monarch himself with the execution—must have possessed the soul of Mrs. Partington, with something more than that lady's scientific acquirements. Menes took accurately the measure of the power which he resolved to oppose, and constructed a dyke "whose lofty mounds and strong embankments," says Wilkinson, "turned the water to the eastward, and effectually confined the river to its new bed."* The dyke was doubtless shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was as old a story as the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us. This is taking the very mildest calculation of the antiquity of Menes. And in the reign of Mæris, farther on, was formed an artificial lake, measuring, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred feet in depth. This huge lake was fed

by the Nile through artificial channels; it received and stored a portion of the annual overflow, and when that subsided, regurgitated upon the river by all the channels, prolonging the times of refreshing, and extending the fertilizing influence to land that, without the aid of art, would be absolutely barren, and no doubt was barren before the days of Mæris. Herodotus, and those who exactly followed him, were wrong, it is now thought, in supposing that this immense lake was wholly a work of art. There was probably a natural basin to suggest the scheme, but this was greatly increased; and all the feeding streams, the arteries and veins of the system, were undoubtedly artificial. These last had their floodgates, dams, and locks, and were managed with the greatest skill. The retention of the waters seems to be all that is wanted to make the wilderness blossom; and yet for centuries and centuries younger Egyptians, although they had been shown the way, were unequal to the pursuit of such mighty designs, and in that most essential science were as dead men by comparison with the subjects of Menes and Mæris. In citing these two great works as instances, it is intended to show how generally the power of controlling streams and floods was possessed of old in the Delta and in Middle Egypt, and how thoroughly the value of it was understood by those primitive men. If he who had made one stalk of corn to grow where nothing grew before, is a benefactor of his kind, where, in the catalogue of philanthropists, shall we place old Mæris, to whom, under Providence, it was owing that once dry Egypt had corn enough and to spare when Syria and Arabia fainted from lack of sustenance? There can be little doubt that Modern Egypt, now that her soul is returning to her, will ere long address herself to the reclamation of her soil. At first it is perhaps a necessity that she labours to attract the wealth of the stranger; but, her treasury once replenished, she will surely search for and find the riches that may be drawn from her own bosom.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Bunsin, measures 82,111,000 feet, and would weigh 6,316,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quantity raised shows with what readiness these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out, but tooled and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious, that fragments

* Sir J. G. Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."

of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone,* and finished with the same beautiful exactness." But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the exacting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and smashing, but clean slices separated *secundum artem* from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done — by driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone: by infinite labour, then, in chiselling and sawing? Pooh! the old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that: they cut a small groove along the whole length of, say, 100 feet, and in this inserted a number of dry wooden wedges; then they poured water into the groove, and the wedges expanding simultaneously and with great force, broke away the huge fragment as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond. They had a way, too, of moving about these vast monoliths, which we, with all appliances and means to boot, would find it hard to imitate.

Now such work would have been very astonishing even if it had ended in Cyclopean savagery like Stonehenge; but we know very well that it ended in nothing of the kind. The separation from the native rock was but the beginning of artistic treatment. Every fragment, great or small, had its billet, and was taken off to undergo a series of transformations; the least that could happen to any one being to be plain wrought, and then set with consummate skill in a building. And now that we come to buildings, it is not desirable to spend time in speaking of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, which, perhaps, are better understood generally than any work of art in Egypt. It is proposed, therefore, to pass on to some of the structures which have been less spoken of, and the history of which is still confined, or nearly so, to learned pages. And, writing twenty years ago, it would have been wise to say little or nothing of the Labyrinth, notwithstanding that Herodotus considered it to be a wonder not second even to the

Pyramids. For such have been the destructions and inhumations of this splendid work, that nobody believed in the probability of recovering even its site, and not a few were inclined to look upon the whole account as an invention. The French, however, at the end of the last century, affirmed that they had found the ruins, and forty years later antiquaries began to test and verify the French work. Gradually it came to be acknowledged that the foundations at least of the Labyrinth might yet be traced, and the labours of the Prussian Commission effected a complete recognition of the remains of this vast building. But there is still much dispute about the purpose and the form of it; and what has been realized is as yet valuable, more, perhaps, because it tends to confirm the account of Herodotus than for any other result. It is certain that the old Greek was not romancing when he wrote of it; and although criticism still amuses itself with finding flaws in his description, so much of that description is certified by an examination of the ruins that it is only fair to credit him with accuracy throughout, and to accept his details, which we cannot disprove. He tells us that it had 3000 chambers, half of them above the ground and half below, and he goes on to say:—"The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation. Of the underground chambers I can only speak from report; for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage."* This is perhaps enough

* To wit, the limestone of the Mokattam quarries.

* Rawlinson's translation.

to say here concerning a structure of which there is so little now to be seen; but there is another marvellous palace, or temple, or both, at Karnac—a part of what was once Thebes—the grandeur of which a visitor may see for himself. The ground covered by this mass of buildings is nearly square, and the side measures about 1800 English feet. Travellers one and all appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime remains inspired them. They have been astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship here to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension. Champollion, the great French Egyptologist, says of it: “Aucun peuple ancien ni moderne n’a conçu l’art d’architecture sur une échelle aussi sublime, aussi grandiose, que le firent les vieux Egyptiens; et l’imagination qu’en Europe s’élève bien au-dessus de nos portiques, s’arrête et tombe impuissante au pied des 140 colonnes de la salle hypostyle de Karnak.”* In one of its halls, we are told, the cathedral of Notre-Dame at Paris might stand and not touch the walls. Denon, another Frenchman, says: “It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings collected on a single point, in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expenses of so much magnificence.” And again: “It is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt whether he be perfectly awake.” There were lakes and mountains within the periphery of the sanctuary. These two edifices have been selected as examples from a list which is next to inexhaustible. The whole valley and Delta of the Nile, from the Cataracts to the sea, was covered with temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids, and pillars.

The magnitude of some of the sculptures has been already spoken of, but they were worthy of the highest praise for their execution also. Critics are not agreed as to the spirit of their chiselling, but as to the mechanical perfection to which the artists wrought in granite, serpentine, breccia, and basalt, there is not, cannot be, disagreements. Animals, plants, chariots, and

almost all natural and artificial objects, were freely sculptured; and battles by sea and land, as well as an infinite variety of peaceful scenes, are found on the *bas-reliefs*. Those who could perceive a soul in these productions were unmeasured in their approval. Dr. Richardson, speaking of the temple of Dendera, says: “The female figures are so extremely well executed that they do all but speak, and have a mildness of feature and expression that never was surpassed.” It need not be added that there was hardly a wrought stone in Egypt that was not sculptured with hieroglyphics. Most of these—the older ones especially—were accurately and beautifully chiselled. It is stated of the obelisks of Luxor that the Arabs climb them by sticking their feet into the excavated hieroglyphics, which are two inches or more in depth, and cut with the highest degree of perfection.

The works that have been cited were all executed before the exodus of Israel, some of them before the visit of Abraham; and the Egyptians were capable of executing them at the remotest epoch at which we can show that there were Egyptians. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says that their first introduction to us is as a people already possessing the same settled habits as in later times. He can trace no primitive mode of life, no barbarous custom, not even the habit, so slowly abandoned by all people, of wearing arms when not on military service, nor any archaic art. Can it, then, be otherwise than an interesting study to trace downwards the achievements in mechanism, science, and art of the different accomplished nations of the earth since the days of Moses, and to ascertain by what steps, and to what extent, they have outdone the subjects of the early Pharaohs?

But the works above alluded to are only those which, from their magnitude, compel attention. There are others equally astonishing which research has brought to light. First among these (as being an indispensable preparation for free and rapid writing,) we may consider the art of papermaking. This the Egyptians practised—we will not say discovered, for we know nothing about the invention—as early as they practised anything that we know of. They took out the pith of the papyrus, dissected it with a pointed instrument, and then flattened it into strips, which they glued together. These they strengthened by cross strips, also glued together, and the surface so prepared was fit to receive writing. Such surfaces did receive writing, and some of those written on in the days of the early Pharaohs are yet in existence. Howbeit,

* Here quoted from a note to Kenrick's “Ancient Egypt.”

our knowledge of these precious records is entirely new. Till lately, it was believed that the use of the papyrus for writing was introduced about the time of Alexander the Great; then Lepsius found the hieroglyphic sign of the papyrus-roll on monuments of the twelfth dynasty; afterwards he found the same sign on monuments of the fourth dynasty, which is getting back pretty close to Menes the protomonarch; and, indeed, little doubt is entertained that the art of writing on papyrus was understood as early as the days of Menes himself. The fruits of investigation in this, as in many other subjects, are truly most marvellous. Instead of exhibiting the rise and progress of any branches of knowledge, they tend to prove that nothing had any rise or progress, but that everything is referable to the very earliest dates. The experience of the Egyptologist must teach him to reverse the observation of Topsy, and to "spect that nothing grewed," but that as soon as men were planted on the banks of the Nile, they were already the cleverest men that ever lived, endowed with more knowledge and more power than their successors for centuries and centuries could attain to. Their system of writing, also, is found to have been complete from the very first. They not only wrote, but they had a passion for writing, as the learned of these latter days have, to their great delight, found out. Every surface that would receive hieroglyphics was covered with inscriptions. Rocks, stones, walls, furniture, implements, coffins, tombs, as well as the papyri, were all left in a condition to tell their wondrous tales; and, *mirabile dictu!* we did not know till about fifty years ago that they had any tale to tell! Yes: for about fifty years only we have known that they had an accessible meaning; and they have been there, some of them, for fifty centuries, challenging the regard of races, which nevertheless grew more and more darkened, until at last the oracles were dumb, and in the very midst of copious flashing light men walked in a vain shadow. By surpassing patience and penetration the key to the enigmas was at last rediscovered; then the pursuit of hieroglyphic literature was entered upon with ardour, and with such success that now year by year the mists are clearing away, and such tableaux are unfolding themselves of life under the Pharaohs as it cannot have entered into the mind of any modern to conceive.

The well-known exploits of Sesostris go to prove that he and his people were well versed in the science and practice of war. Their armies marched from home, subdued

Asia, Asia Minor, and part of Europe, and then returned. They maintained great wars too in their own land, sometimes Egyptian being arrayed against Egyptian, and sometimes against troublesome neighbours. If we may entirely believe the inscriptions and pictures, they were a very formidable people indeed, terribly rough customers to meet in anger. But there is much reason to suppose that the language of the inscriptions is unwarrantably *tall*, and that the *tableaux* exhibit a decidedly partial view of operations. And this exaggeration has so damaged their reputation that some writers doubt whether the great Sesostris's expeditions be not fables, and whether the exploits of the professing conqueror were not confined to the neighbourhood of the Nile. That this people constructed war-chariots there can be no doubt. Homer says that through each of the hundred gates of Thebes issued two hundred men with horses and chariots; and we know that there were six hundred chariots with the army that pursued after Israel. These war-chariots appear to have been of a magnificent construction, though they were very light—the smooth level roads of Egypt not demanding clumsy strength. Mr. Kenrick says in general terms: "In short, as all the essential principles which regulate the construction and draft of carriages are exemplified in the war-chariots of the Pharaohs, so there is nothing which modern taste and luxury have devised for their decoration to which we do not find a prototype in the monuments of the eighteenth dynasty." It is presumed the springs* are included in this ascription of refinements. The warriors in chariots were, as far as is known, the only cavalry; and students have as yet come upon no record of the strategical principles observed in war. The battle-pieces in the *bas-reliefs* and pictures exhibit only the *melées* in which acts of individual prowess are being performed by the king. The heavy-armed men fought in coats of mail, but the infantry in general had quilted tunics, and helmets without metallic coverings. The bow was a favourite weapon, but the soldiers wore double-edged swords and daggers, and carried shields more or less cumbrous according to the class of troops. They used also javelins, spears,

* Mr. Kenrick should, it is thought, have made an exception in regard to springs, as we understand that appliance. Some means certainly were used for mitigating the jolting of the chariot; but the elaborate description of chariots by Sir G. Wilkinson, which has been examined since the observation in the text was written, gives no countenance to the supposition that the vehicles were set on metallic springs.

and pikes. The light troops had darts and slings. The charioteers wield maces and battle-axes. Siege operations were sometimes executed: the assailants advanced by a passage covered with boards, and pushed huge spears, worked each by a squad of men from the approaches, against the defenders on the walls. The covered passages had trap-doors in the roofs to enable the besiegers to reconnoitre, or possibly to muster on the top and shoot from a vantage-point. Scaling-ladders and all the arts of escalade were perfectly understood. The battering-ram was a common expedient; and the Egyptians, being such adepts in quarrying, were not slow to attach the miner to an obstructive wall, and bring it scientifically down. There is only one representation of a naval combat, where the fight is by soldiers on board ship; in this each mast-head has a basket with an archer in it run up.

According to the present state of Egyptian science, the great flourishes about victories were not borne out by corresponding attention to, or knowledge of, the art of war; but it is much safer to mention what the Pharaohs and their people did, than what they did *not*, for research is so fruitful that the discovery of to-morrow may contradict the negative of to-day. If we were to find that they had been using Armstrong guns, the circumstance would not be more astonishing than many that have already come to light.

The proficiency of the Egyptians in mathematical science has not been defined. In proof of their having been foremost in this as in most, we have the testimony of the Greek authors, and the fact that the ancient mathematicians whom we revere as the fathers of geometry went to Egypt to be instructed therein. May it not indeed be now admitted that the regions which we have been fond of designating as the cradles of sciences were second-hand cradles? Our former belief and doctrine were that "the arts of War and Peace" had risen in the Isles of Greece, as Byron sang. Some rudimentary knowledge was ascribed to Egypt; but Greece was credited with the first cultivation of art and science from their very elements. Yet before Greece was, the arts were ripe and old. Though the nations at large were in darkness, though Greece was at its hornbook, there sat on the other side of the Levant sea a power already at her meridian—in wisdom pre-eminent, in works a giant!

Land-surveying, an art resting on geometry, the Egyptians undoubtedly understood, since Joshua took away with him

sufficient skill to divide the Holy Land after he had conquered it. It is on record that they made maps. They were also most observant astronomers, watching the periods of planets and constellations, and calculating eclipses. The rotundity of the earth, the sun's central place in our system, the obliquity of the ecliptic, the starry composition of the Milky Way, and the borrowed light of the moon, are thought by Wilkinson * to have been no secrets to them. In dividing time they were very accurate. The true length of the year appears to have been known by them at a very early period, and Mr. Kenrick thinks that the precession of the equinoxes was also a fact understood by them. Records were made every day of the rising and setting of stars, and particular influences were believed to proceed from these positions and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies: moreover, the priests claimed the power of prophecy through astral motions. The true meridian had been correctly ascertained before the first pyramid was built, and there were clocks and dials for measuring time. The cubit was the established unit of linear measure—being 1.707 feet of English measure; but the unit of weight is not known, although, of course, they had weights. Arithmetical notation and calculation they managed less cleverly than the Arabians,† and (what is certainly astonishing among so many refinements), their money was in gold and silver rings estimated by weight. They had both the decimal and duodecimal modes of calculation from the earliest times, but there is no appearance of algebra; and notwithstanding the immense mechanical power which they could bring into operation, it cannot be ascertained that they understood the philosophy of what are called the mechanical powers.

What has been written concerning irrigation is sufficient to show how interested the Egyptians were about agriculture. Corn and Egypt are so associated in the minds of most of us, that the connection is proverbial. Nature did astonishingly for Egypt, giving her a fruitful soil and the swelling Nile; and yet her gift would have been useless if she had not raised there a highly intelligent, enterprising people. The Nile, left to its natural channels and its natural ebb and flow, would fertilise but a fraction of what had become corn-bearing Egypt in patriarchal times. The elements of plenty

* See Appendix II. chap. vii. of Rawlinson's *Herodotus*.

† There have been writers who asserted that the Arabians learned their notation from the Egyptians; but this belief is getting old-fashioned. Twenty years make a striking difference in Egyptology.

are always there, but they want the regulating hand of man to fructify them. The means of making the land bear were very different from those which are approved in Europe; hoeing almost sufficed for turning the soil, instead of ploughing: once the river had risen, nature had done her part toward production; and art and skill were applied to the retention and dispersion of the waters. No manuring, no management of the soil, was necessary; husbandry was almost entirely proved in regulating irrigation, and it was practiced with surpassing effect.

After corn, flax seems to have been the chief crop; and with this the Egyptians wrought not by halves nor rudely, but, according to their wont in the highest style. When Joseph first found favour in the eyes of Pharaoh, he had the monarch's own ring put on his hand, a chain of gold thrown over his neck, and a vesture of *fine linen* given to array his person. Now, what one may call fine another may call coarse; the epithet alone, therefore, does not carry much weight; but it is a fact that the linen of Egypt was celebrated all over the world; and, what is more, it may be seen and handled to this day, for the mummies were nearly all wrapped in it, and the wrappings are in excellent preservation. Mummy-cloths do not, of course, represent the finest linen, but we have a clear idea conveyed by Pliny of what was considered *fine* in the days of King Amasis; that is, six hundred years B.C. Each single thread of a certain garment sent to Lindus by King Amasis was composed of 365 minor threads twisted together, so that Egyptian fineness was fine indeed. Not only was linen spun, but it was dyed and richly embroidered in the very earliest times. So far as we can trace, however, this work was all done by hand. And here it may be well to note that all the workmanship of which the Israelites in their wanderings between Egypt and Canaan showed themselves capable was due to the teaching of the Egyptians; and any one who will refer to the embellishment of the holy tabernacle, and to the vestments of the high priest in the sacred books, will see in how many ornamental arts Egypt must have been accomplished. The spoil which Israel got from the natives in their flight consisted of jewels of silver and jewels of gold; and these jewels, it turns out, were very unlike what the country was in the habit of producing if they were not beautifully wrought. Cutting, polishing, and setting precious stones was done in excellent style by Egyptian lapidaries.

Emeralds were found in the neighbouring

deserts. These they cut and polished beautifully, and learned to imitate with great success in glass. But all the foreign gems of the East were known, and quantities of them acquired. Egypt had its gold and silver mines. The revenue derived from them was immense. The gold was dug and separated with very great labour and skill; the silver would seem to have been more simply procured. Besides these precious metals, they also found copper, lead, and iron near the Red Sea. It is uncertain whether they could temper steel, but Wilkinson thinks that they could; and he very fairly says that, whether they could steel iron or not, they certainly had some secret equally profound and equally useful, by means of which their exquisite chiselling was achieved. There is enough of negative proof that they were familiar with steel, since they wrought sculpture which, as far as we know, nothing but steel could effect.

The most curious, if not the most useful, of the arts of Egypt, was that by which they disposed of their dead. Let us not tarry now to inquire into the belief or fancy which urged them to the practice, nor into the remarkable ceremonies with which funerals were solemnised, but let us regard mummification simply as an art. It was, then, the will of the Egyptians, to have their bodies, or the principal portions of them, preserved as long as possible from decay; and this was effected so successfully, that the sight-seer of to-day may examine the corpses of men and women over whom thousands upon thousands of years have rolled without bringing to them corruption, or depriving them of the human form. Indeed, we know of no limit to the endurance of the mummy if left in Egypt, the climate for which it was prepared. The processes (for there were three processes) of embalming required from two to three months to complete them. The body was never embalmed whole. Some portions were always removed, and not always, there is reason to suppose, preserved; but commonly the separated portions were preserved by themselves and placed in jars. The exterior body was then filled with myrrh, cassia, and other gums, and after that saturated with natron. Then there was a marvellous swathing of the embalmed form, so artistically executed that professional bandagers of the present day are lost in admiration of its excellence. "According to Dr. Granville, there is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery, of which examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen

have been found extending to 1000 yards in length. Rossellini gives a similar testimony to the wonderful variety and skill with which the bandages have been applied and interlaced.* The exclusion of the air from the surface of the body was the object of this patient labour, and every proper expedient was resorted to to make the ceremonies fit tightly. Not the large limbs only, but the fingers and toes, have been separately bandaged in the more elaborate mummies. The body was generally labelled, having its card, so to speak, placed within the linen folds, and generally on the breast. The identification was usually a plate of metal engraved, but sometimes it was a small image of a god, or an animal with the name of the mummy on it, and this has been found sometimes within the body. Beads, earrings, necklaces are frequently turned out from among the wrappings. The bandaging effected, the next thing was to fit the mummy's *surtout*, which was made of layers of cloth pasted or glued together till they formed a pasteboard. Before it could be called a board, however—that is to say, while it was yet moist and pliable—it was placed about the wearer, whose shape it was made to take accurately. As soon as the artist was satisfied with the fit, the garment was sown up at the back, and then allowed to harden. A mask, representing the features of the deceased, was put over the head, and continued some way over the shoulders. Male mummies wore a reddish-brown, and female a yellowish-green mask as a rule; but the faces of some mummies, and sometimes even their whole faces, were gilded over. Commonly the pasteboard case was painted in bright colours, whose brilliancy was as lasting as the mummy itself. Hieroglyphics were emblazoned on it, and it was in some instances stuck over with beads and spangles. The legend would describe the departed, or include a prayer or invocation. The mummy was thus complete, but it was boxed up afterwards in three coffins made to follow its shape as nearly as could be.

From the particular chemistry adopted for the pickling of ancestors to chemistry at large is a natural transition; and it will be found on inquiry that the successful embalming was not a chance discovery, or an art known by rule of thumb only, but that it was as fairly brought out from definitions and maxims as was any induction of Faraday's. The word "chemistry" comes from *Chemi*, and *Chemi* means Egypt. The science was rightly named after the

country; for Egypt through all her vicissitudes, kept alive the knowledge of chemistry, and had it all to herself up to the time of the Arabian conquest, when it became generally understood through Europe and Asia. The decorative borders found on Greek vases, and whose invention is ascribed to the Greeks, were, Mr. Kenrick says, only copies from the Egyptian vases. The figures of them are to be seen on the walls of a tomb of the age of Amunoph I, a period when Greece did not yet exist. Metallurgy the Egyptians understood before the earliest period of their history known to us. Colonel Howard Vyse found a piece of iron in a joint of the Great Pyramid, placed there, without doubt, when the pyramid was built. The mines of iron and copper were in the sandstone at Sinai, where to this day may be seen in large heaps the scoria produced by smelting. It may fairly be presumed that the chemistry and metallurgy, as understood by the philosophers, were at the bottom of the magic.

The Egyptians paddled about a good deal on the Nile, whether expanded or shrunken, but they are not known to have had any great liking for, or acquaintance with, the salt sea. Some of their monarchs, about the time of the exodus, built fleets, and made incursions into foreign lands, but these were only forced movements; the nation never took kindly to "the briny," if one may take the liberty of using Mr. Swiveller's expression. Sea-going nations have generally been, in their early times, such as could find very little to attract them in their own lands, and a good deal that was attractive in the lands of others. It must be confessed, although the avowal reflects somewhat pointedly on many of our own respected progenitors, that ancient mariners were, for the most part, ancient robbers, who found that ships were convenient means of descending upon a neighbour's coast, and of carrying away the plunder there to be procured. After sowing their wild oats in a course of freebooting, piracy, usurpation, and roystering, such races have occasionally settled down into loudly-professing moralists and sticklers for the rights of humanity, with a holy yearning for peace at any price; though, happily, a leaven of the old buccaneers' spirit may be left ready to rise through the lump at times, and confound canting Puritans. But old Egyptians, it is clear, had learned before the times of which we have knowledge to see in Egypt herself all that could be desired, and to devote all their energies to the improvement and embellishment of their native land. They developed so much wealth,

and were so industrious at home, that they did not care to go filibustering, and so failed to foster that roving spirit which might have made them afterwards energetic traders. When they did take to the ocean, though, they did it, as they did everything else, to some purpose. Neco II. fitted out a fleet on the Red Sea, and sent it out to explore the shores of their native continent. The fleet was two years absent, and then came back, not through the Strait of Babelmandeb, but through the Strait of Gibraltar. Herodotus, the enlightened Greek, speaks compassionately of this fable of the Egyptians. It might do for less acute nations, who stood intellectually in the same relation to the Greeks that marines do to sailors, but for philosophic Greeks — no, no! The silly Egyptian fellows proved a little too much, and so convicted themselves of drawing the long-bow. Didn't they say that returning homewards they had the sunrise on their right hands? — "a thing," says the old historian, "which to me appears incredible." And yet this assertion, which was to the Greeks foolishness, is to us Britons, who have traversed the same waters once or twice ourselves, incontestable proof that the Egyptians did verily double the Cape of Good Hope. They anchored successively at two convenient places, landed, and sowed corn, and remained to reap the same; then set sail again, and finally steered in triumph through the Pillars of Hercules, and eastward along the Mediterranean. Any one looking at our maps of ancient geography may see one of them subscribed *orbis veteribus notus*, on which is shown the northern shore of Africa and Egypt — all the rest of the continent without form and void. If there had been no ancients except the Greeks and Romans, such a man would do justice to ancient knowledge; but there was a people much more deserving of the term "veteres" than Romans or Greeks, who knew what the form of Africa was. The Greeks, young in knowledge, sounded a trumpet before them, and called upon all the world to admire their ability. Old Egypt, grown grey in wisdom, was so secure of her acquirements that she did not invite admiration, and cared no more for the opinion of a flippant Greek than we do to-day for that of a Feejee islander. Egypt did not seek Greeks; the Greeks went to Egypt to pick up what they could.

Inland navigation, as we have said, was much less strange to Egyptians than the passage of the ocean. Their famous river was their great highway. Traffic, ceremonies, processions, funerals, pilgrimages,

friendly intercourse, were principally effected by traversing its waters; and the sights to be seen there must have been glorious "in the brave days of old." The monarch and his princess floated in barges with deck pavilions, — hull and cabins, masts and rudder being richly gilt, and the sails being painted in the most brilliant colours. Great arks freighted with merchandise were towed up and down the stream: smaller and more manageable boats of all sizes — the largest moved by thirty or forty oars, or by the wind on sails of papyrus or canvas — in numbers traversed the scene; while the solitary passengers, through all, paddled their own canoes of *earthencware*, or a coarse sort of *pasteboard*. The Egyptians, then, were not a roaming nation. "Their characteristic has been patient, sedentary industry, employed in agriculture and manufactures. The productions of the East have been deposited in Egypt, and from thence distributed over the West; but strangers have brought them, and strangers have carried them away."*

Wine was so commonly made in all countries where the vine would bear, that there is nothing remarkable in Egypt having pressed her own grapes. But it is remarkable that she brewed beer in large quantities, her working population appearing to have been as fond as ours of this beverage. The exact strength or quality we do not know, but no man can say that our knowledge on this head may not soon increase; for we may come down some day on the private cellar of Cheops, or the establishment of a Coptic Allsopp, and find the original of the X's to have been hieroglyphics emblazoned on the barrels. One *must* credit these people, too, with having done their brewing as well as they did everything else. Nothing but potent stuff can have sufficed for the fellows who built the Pyramids; and if ever we do come upon one of their ale-vats, we shall find the liquor has body in it still. There would be something sensational in tasting home-brewed, that has been in wood since the Deluge! Misraim's Entire.

Glass was manufactured in all its varieties. We find sculptures of glass-blowing; and the bottles, vases, &c., may yet be seen. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says that the Egyptians cut, ground, and engraved glass, and had even the art of introducing gold between two surfaces of the substance. He also says that they imitated, with glass, pearls and precious stones.

It was supposed until recently that the

Egyptians were not very musical; but Time, which is continually raising this people in estimation, has shown that they were fond of music, and that they understood its influence on the spirit. A farther acquaintance with the monuments has discovered them playing in concert, the leader beating time by clapping his hands. It is thus clear that they understood the laws of harmony. They had their sacred music, domestic music, and military music. The lyre, harp, and flutes were played when the high priest offered incense, and the priests at the same time sang a song called the *Pæan*, which word, Wilkinson says, is Egyptian. For festive music, guitars, single and double pipes, and castanets, were added to the above. Trumpets, drums, and tambourines, with cymbals and other noisy contrivances, made a crash in the presence of troops. The harp seems to have been the instrument most in repute. There were various kinds of them, as the lyre, sambuc, ashur; but some resembled the modern harp, and were very complete, having as many as twenty-two strings. We may not claim for Egypt the invention of this instrument, since we know that Jubal, a descendant of Cain, "is the father of all those who handle the harp and organ;" but there can be no doubt that she perfected the instrument, and that the harps which were afterwards hanged upon a tree when the minstrels faltered at singing the Lord's song in a strange land, were of a pattern derived from Egypt, memorials of another captivity. The superiority of the Egyptian lyre to the Greek is quite admitted; indeed the Egyptian instruments generally were superior, and they were made with that daintiness which shows them to have been favourite toys with the rich, not simply professional implements. The woods were often rare and costly, sought out in distant countries; some were painted, some inlaid, some covered with coloured or ornamental leather. Parts of them are elaborately carved. The use of catgut for strings was well understood.

Pythagoras and many other studious Greeks learned the science of music in Egypt, and refugees from Egypt were encouraged in Greece as teachers of music. The Alexandrians had the character of being the most skillful and scientific players. Philosophic students of music hold that in any country great progress has been made in the science when, having passed through the ruder stages of drumming, clashing, and blowing, performers have come to understand the extraction of harmonious sounds from an instrument of many strings, and the multiplication of notes by shortening the

strings upon the neck of an instrument. Now this the Egyptians thoroughly understood. The harp, lyre, and guitar are found represented in every conceivable form, adapted to stand on the floor, to be suspended from the neck, to be carried over the shoulder, to be held up by the hands which are to play it, to be rested on a single leg, to be raised on a table, to be held under the left arm like a bag-pipe. In Bruce's Travels,* he, speaking of harps in a tomb at Thebes, says: "They overturn all the accounts hitherto given of the earliest state of music and musical instruments in the East, and are, altogether, in their form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music were at the greatest perfection when this instrument was made; and that the period from which we date the invention of these arts was only the beginning of the era of their restoration." The Spanish castanet had its origin in Egypt, where, however, it was made of metal instead of the chestnut-tree.

Nothing has yet been said of the science of medicine. This was assiduously studied in Egypt; but there is no proof that any of the great discoveries of modern times were forestalled there — nothing leads to the suspicion that the circulation of the blood or the nervous system was understood. Such as it was, however, the practice of medicine was established, and very strictly subdivided. Every practitioner kept to his own branch. There was the dentist and the oculist; if your digestion was affected, there was a doctor to treat you; if you suffered in the head, there was a physician whose punishments were exclusively capital. Even if you were ill and didn't know the seat of your disease, there was a healer for you, one who addicted himself wholly to dealing with obscure complaints. They had very just ideas concerning diet, and they set more store by temperance than by medicine. It is known that they were an exceptionally healthy race, the even climate, pure water of the Nile, abundance of food and of clothing, being eminently in their favour; possibly, therefore, their healing art was high in proportion to their requirements.

Of arts and sciences which the Egyptians possessed in common with other ancient peoples, it is not necessary to speak here. They could do all that their neighbours could, and a very great deal more that no other nation on the earth could then accomplish — nay, they did, as we know, some

* Here quoted from Sir G. Wilkinson.

works which have never been equalled in either ancient or modern times.

A consideration of the above outline must throw, it is thought, much light on the character of Moses. Though he was largely favoured with immediate inspiration on grand occasions, he was nevertheless, like St. Paul, carefully prepared for all the ordinary calls of his great position. He was *learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*—this was to be learned indeed!! Moses, however, seems to have seen that the Egyptian theory of government was unsuited to the Israelites. Possibly their bondage under royal rule made the name of king odious to the sons of Jacob; but it is certain that to Pharaoh's hereditary subjects his sceptre represented a mild and civilized sway. The training of the monarch, enforced by law, was such as to make him fit to rule a wise people; and his power was hedged about with every guard that could bring dignity and credit. If there be anything that we English plume ourselves on having invented in relation to the kingly office, it is the vicarious responsibility of the ministers of state expressed in the maxim, "The king can do no wrong."* This is a lofty and refined conception undoubtedly, but if we fancy that it is original with us, we are mistaken. A people quite as clever and shrewd as we are, imagined and acted upon it thousands of years before our era, and the Egyptians were that people. Thus it is clear that in two of our sublimest ideas, which seemed to belong to us first and solely—namely, the personal innocence of the sovereign, and the merits of malt liquors—we were forestalled by the children of Ham. Perhaps, if we could get back at all to their experimental nascent ages, we might even find them using trial by jury; but, as has been already said more than once, we know nothing about them till after they had discarded all manner of barbarisms.

Besides the curious question concerning progressive improvement noticed at the commencement of this paper, there is another which may equally interest the speculative. How did Egypt contrive to become what she was by her own lights and her own material resources alone? It is a doctrine of the present day, that intercommunication of minds and workers is necessary to effectual progress in the sciences

and arts. But what intercommunication had old Egypt, or what could she have learned from any contemporary nation? By her own mind and energy she was what she was. Resting on the noble river which had won her from the waters, and had raised and nourished her since the Almighty fiat went forth and the dry land appeared, she sat serene, and thought and wrought and throve. The barbarism of the external world gave her no anxiety, raised no interest in her, did not retard her progress. She knew that she possessed the true secret of subduing the earth, and, fully believing in herself, she did not call in all her neighbours to confirm her in her belief. She sent out no evangelist, she asked no help. She sufficed for all her mighty designs; it may be said that she rose and flourished and fell alone: almost it may be added, that wisdom died with her. The time that has elapsed since her grandest age, has not availed to bring all the arts back again to where they were in her day; and yet she was separated from Europe and from Asia by no very formidable barriers. Greece, when she began to understand her mission, found no difficulty in sending a sprinkling of her sons to the banks of the Nile to pick up information. But this was after Egypt had become great and old; this had nothing to do with the rise of Egypt. Unassisted, unappreciated from without, Egypt wrought out her own magnificence, solitary, self-relying. That little eruption of Sesostris's just sufficed to show what she could do when the humour took her. But the humour didn't often take her. She found nothing outside comparable to what she was familiar with at home; the worlds beyond the Nile's overflow were not such that she should weep for them to conquer. Like the dove, she found no rest for the sole of her foot, and returned into the ark which, washed on every side by the waters of barbarism, enclosed all that was great and subtle and able on the surface of the earth.

Great and splendid as are the things which we know about oldest Egypt, she is made a thousand times more sublime by our uncertainty as to the limits of her accomplishments. She presents not a great definite idea, which, though hard to receive, is, when once acquired, comprehensible and clear. Under the soil of the modern country are hid away thousands and thousands of relics which may astonish the world for ages to come, and change continually its conception of what Egypt was. The effect of research seems to be to prove the objects of it to be much older than we thought them to be; some things thought to be wholly modern

* "That the king could do no wrong is a much older notion than we generally imagine—vide Diod., i. 70: *τον μὲν βασιλέα των εγκληματων εξαιρουμενον*, &c. The title given to them, 'living for ever,' seems also to bear analogy to the idea of the king never dying."—Footnote from Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."

having been proved to be repetitions of things Egyptian, and other things known to have been Egyptian being by every advance in knowledge carried back more and more towards the very beginning of things. She shakes our most rooted ideas concerning the world's history; she has not ceased to be a puzzle and a lure; there is a spell over her still.

Besides her early maturity, and the solitariness of her career, there is another mystery concerning Egypt; and that is the thick darkness that so long shut her out from sight. We are wont to call those ages dark wherein the wisdom of Greece and of Rome became dim to the world at large, and was treasured by the few; but what was this darkness in comparison of the utter obscurity which settled with a weird persistence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom and all her works? As year by year the deposit of the river was entombing her material works, so was the cloud of oblivion enveloping and surely obliterating the memory of her glory and her ability; and this in spite of the most determined resistance that any nation has ever offered to time and his effacing power. The monuments would not, could not, perish for ever: but they were ineffectual to avert an eclipse that lasted for ages. It is little less than a miracle, that such a country could quietly sink out of sight, and the world begin life again, fancying that it was originating thought and art, while close to the tyros lay a nation that had proved ages before every mode of human ability, and whose credentials did not rest on tradition or history, but were shining on the earth—splendid, gigantic, palpable—obvious to the regard of the aspiring and the inquisitive. As one ponders on these things, it is impossible to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet* who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, a cloud shall cover her, and her daughters shall go into captivity." The period of forty years during which no foot of man or foot of beast was to pass through Egypt is not plain, but the condition to which Egypt fell is only too distinctly painted. "I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate forty years; and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." The "cloud" we may suppose, began to break at the beginning of this century; from without came the regard of na-

tions, from within arose reanimation and the desire to be known once more. The nations of the world resort thither again, and find this kingdom truly "a base kingdom," but things look as though she had resolved to acquiesce no longer in her baseness. Already one sees how the highway from Egypt to Assyria, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, may be accomplished. The Canal of the Isthmus will undoubtedly lead to the contraction of the desert, so that the way into Assyria will be comparatively easy. And when life and vigour and civilisation shall return, what great results may be expected to accompany them! To a nation waking up to consciousness after centuries of coma, everything about her present self must be unsatisfactory and distasteful—a condition to be reformed as soon as possible, and banished from sight and memory. Her consolatory thoughts all centre in the past. As she looks back with pride and glory at what she was, the hope of what she may again be is lively within her, and she can feel a trust in herself. Her reviving ambition will feed upon the mighty deeds of old, and her sons will gain strength from the knowledge of the glorious dead. When this spirit shall come upon Egypt—when, instead of leaving research to the stranger that may come from a far land, Egyptians themselves shall make it a pleasant labour to ascertain the wonderful past of their native country—then, perhaps, the world will truly understand what *the wisdom of the Egyptians* was.

And now, to come back to the idea named at the beginning of this paper—viz., the continuous progression of mankind in knowledge and power. For him who believes that his puny efforts are tending to the establishment of a golden age and leading the human race to perfection, there can be no corrective more effectual than the study of ancient Egypt. From thence he may learn the truth that human wisdom and human knowledge cannot perpetuate themselves. Great, strong, wise as she was, the glory of Egypt came to nought, her science perished, her engraved characters became riddles. Progress was arrested, and thick darkness overspread the earth—not for a short interval, but during a very large fraction of the world's existence—darkness which has never yet been dispersed. It is true that, if we cannot build pyramids or hew out colossal statues, or divert the course of a river like the Nile, we can use the printing press and control the forces of electricity and steam. But when we have summed up gains and losses, what is the amount of advancement since the days of Moses that we can fairly credit ourselves with? Truly it is

* Ezekiel.

very little, and that little due to a *renaissance* in the last two or three centuries.

But if we, creatures whose life is half an age, may not influence the destinies of the world on which we live, or of our remote successors, that consideration need not damp our spirits; it does not show us that our labour for the benefit of humanity is in vain. We may design and build, though we may not attempt a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. Plenty of legitimate work is given us to do; we are commissioned to subdue the earth, but we are not commissioned to determine its future. That future will be as little affected, probably, by our acts and labours, as our present has been by the wisdom and works of the Egyptians. A

great nation — a community of great nations — may die like a mighty man, and then all their thoughts perish. The earth is not ours. Nevertheless we have a field for labour — greater labour than we shall ever accomplish. Let us benefit, if we may, our own generation and that which is to follow us, trusting to the providence of an ever-living Power to determine whether any part of our work shall survive and be a heritage for our descendants; or whether it shall perish utterly; or whether, like the glorious deeds of old Egypt, it shall lie for millenniums under a mysterious cloud, and live again hereafter to a race such as it has not entered into our hearts to conceive.

THE *Sectaman* describes a Mirage in the Firth of Forth, the most extraordinary instance which can be remembered, which occurred on Friday afternoon. The day was very hot and sultry, and there was a peculiarity about the atmosphere which is seldom observed in this country. About midday a thin, clear, and transparent kind of vapour, through which the surrounding objects began to make their appearance in the most fantastic and grotesque shapes imaginable, settled over the sea. The phantasmagoria were principally confined to the mouth of the firth; but at one time they embraced the whole of the Fife coast as far as the eye could reach, town, village, and hamlet being depicted high up on the horizon with remarkable distinctness. Though the whole coast seemed at least half-way up the horizon, the appearances presented by the towns were very different, some of them having the houses inverted, while others appeared in the natural position. The Bass Rock, the Isle of May, and the rocks around Dunbar harbour, however, attracted most attention, both from their proximity and from the extraordinary forms which they assumed. The Bass, which at one time seemed to lie flat upon the sea, suddenly shot up into a tall spiral column, apparently ten times its usual height, surrounded by battlements rising tier on tier, and presenting a most imposing spectacle. As usual, however, the most fantastic appearances were presented by the May, which, in the course of the afternoon, underwent an almost innumerable series of phantasmagoric transformations. At one time it was apparently as round as a circle, at another seemingly drawn out for miles against the horizon; now flat upon the water, then rising to ten times its usual height; occasionally portions appeared to break off and sail away, then to return and unite again — all

within the space of a few minutes. Vessels in the offing appeared double — one on the water, and another inverted in the air; and in one instance three figures of one vessel were distinctly visible — one inverted, another on the sea, and a third in its natural position between the two. The fishing boats proceeding to sea in the evening underwent the same transformations when only a few yards off the shore, the double appearance being distinctly visible within a certain distance. The rocks at the harbour also seemed to play fantastic tricks, opening and shutting, rising and falling, with apparent regularity. These extraordinary illusions lasted from midday till night-fall, and excited great interest among the inhabitants of Dunbar, numbers of whom collected in the Castle Park and at the harbour for the purpose of witnessing the phenomena.

Nature.

Those who are interested in Grecian antiquities will read the following extract from a recent letter with regret: —

The walls of the Acropolis of Assos appear to have suffered most, being almost levelled to the ground. The gateway in the lower part of the city is still intact. After the destruction of many structures and shipment of part of the material for the construction of the new forts at the Dardanelles and for other purposes, the cost of transport was found too expensive, and the work of destruction was suspended, to be renewed, no doubt, when a cheaper mode of conveyance may be organized, or an urgent demand for building material arises. The remains at Alexandria Troas are more likely to suffer than those at Assos, being in closer proximity to Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and continued raids are made on these ruins. The gymnasium of Alexandria Troas (erroneously called Priam's Palace), notwithstanding its gradual rapid disappearance, is still a fine and imposing building.

From The Temple Bar.

DANISH HOMES AND ENGLISH HOMES.

AFTER having given you a general view of the Danish national character, I will ask you to follow me into a Danish house, and see a Danish family. I will not only ask you to sit down in the drawing-room as a visitor, to amuse yourself with the photograph-albums, and have a little conversation about wind and weather, or ask you to a fine dinner-party, where you will scarcely find an opportunity to speak a word to the host or the hostess, but I will take you behind the curtains to show you the whole mechanism. Your own eyes can tell you how the drawing-room is furnished, and your palate how the dishes are seasoned; but I alone can tell you who has arranged the whole house in its peculiar way, who is the leading soul, and who executes all the orders; only I can open to you the door to the secret councils, the effects of which even a stranger notices on his first visit. Only promise me never to tell anybody what you now hear, and never forget that what I now am going to tell you about the different elements of a Danish family — parents, children, and servants — I only speak of families of the middle classes, and that I only draw the picture in its general outlines, because of the many individual differences.

We will now begin with the beginning — the parents, father and mother, husband and wife — and I will call it the characteristic feature of Danish family life that the husband is the leading head, and the wife the good spirit of the house. You will already perhaps in this notice some difference between Danish and English family life: with you the wife is, as far as family and house matters are concerned, generally speaking, number one, or something very much like it; she is, at all events, not number two, as in Denmark: the wife in England is, if even not the leading head, at least the leading soul of the house. And it is no wonder that there is some difference, founded partly in the difference of natural disposition, of education, and of the whole state of cultivation and refinement, and partly in the totally different domestic and business arrangements of both countries. I shall try shortly to explain to you what I mean, if you will consider all that I say as right or wrong, my private opinion, and which you and everybody else may approve or disapprove as much as you like.

You have two excellent words in English — gentlemanly and ladylike; and as we and all other European nations have bor-

rowed these words from you, and cannot find corresponding words for them in our own language, I suppose that the ideas expressed by these words are genuine English. You are by nature — or you try, by education, to become — gentlemen and ladies in the highest sense of these words; gentlemanlike and ladylike manners are considered necessary for every educated person who desires to move in your good society. What then is a gentleman? He is a man who, with a good education and honest principles, combines an agreeable appearance and good manners; who is properly dressed, and knows how to behave in company: who does not upset tables and chairs when he enters a room, or bottles and glasses when he dines; who does not tread on people's corns when he has to pass them, or wound their feelings by harsh remarks about their weaknesses when he talks with them. But the most characteristic feature of the gentleman is his chivalrous heart, that makes him dislike everything low and mean, and makes him an adorer of the other sex, in which he sees something higher in the order of nature than himself; he is, therefore, anxious to show a lady any possible courtesy, and ready to defend her, even if he should break a lance for her sake. What is a lady — what is a woman with ladylike manners? She is a well-educated, accomplished, and good-principled woman, with a quiet and nice, but at the same time a little decided and independent appearance. A lady knows how to wear a dress with a train a yard-long without inconveniencing others, and looks nice with a crinoline like a balloon, and without a starched petticoat. She dresses becomingly, whether the fashion is a bonnet sticking out as the wings of a mill or a hat of the size of a saucer; she looks pretty in her cambric morning-dress, and in her rose-silk dress, with the white tunic. A lady knows how to move properly; she treads firmly on the ground, she glides down the stairs, she dances gracefully, she is ready at any moment to mount her frisky horse and canter down Rotten-row. A lady is not afraid of a gentleman; and why should she be afraid of her devoted servant? She looks at him as much as she likes in a railway-carriage, she bows first to him when she meets him in the street, she shakes hands with him when he enters her home, she writes in her bold hand a letter to him when she wants anything of him, and she joins a gentleman's conversation with great pleasure, and gives her opinion about art and science, music and painting, home and foreign countries, education and

travelling, and even about church and State matters, without making any excuses for her boldness, that as a lady, she has an opinion of her own: and be sure an English lady has an opinion of her own. An old bachelor has often quoted to me the following lines, that seemed engraven in his memory:

"If she will, she will — you may depend on't;
If she won't, she won't — and there is an end
on't."

I think it was the reason why he never married: he was afraid of the "will" and the "won't!"

I should be very sorry if in the description I now give of us Danish men and women, I should make you think that we were not gentlemen and ladies in our manners and behaviour; we should then at once be doomed in your eyes, and I am sure you would not have anything to do with us. But I hope you will soon see that it is more a distinction in words and names than in reality. We also try to be gentlemen and ladies in our notions and all our ways, but our ideas about these things may be a little different from yours, partly because of the different nationality and education, partly because of the different state of refined cultivation in both countries. A Dane is a gentleman in the sense of the word, that he, with a thoroughly good education and honest principles, combines agreeable and polite manners; but you will miss a little of what you call gentlemanly appearance. He has not, generally speaking — there are, of course, many exceptions — his body so much in his power as you, as he has scarcely ever known anything in his boyhood of bodily exercise; he does not walk so well, does not ride so well on horseback, does not bow so politely, does not feel so well up to climbing a glacier or rowing a boat across the North Sea as an English gentleman. Nor has he been brought up with so chivalrous a principle in respect to ladies. A Danish gentleman certainly respects and esteems a lady as much as any; he is not only polite to her, but is fond of showing her every possible attention — if she is young and pretty — but he is not so gentlemanly in his behaviour as an English gentleman. He does not consider and treat ladies as higher beings, for whose comfort he is willing to give everything up; he does not care much for waiting on the ladies at a supper before he gets anything himself, and is very much annoyed when he, for a lady's sake, is obliged to put out his cigar, which an English gentleman would not think of lighting if there was any risk of a lady approach-

ing him at a mile's distance. You see there is some difference — not in the principles and feelings, but in the behaviour and refined manners. Only give us a little time, and we shall be just as refined as you!

And now our Danish ladies! They are just as amiable and nice as yours, even if they are not quite so ladylike. And we don't want them to be so. According to our notions there are other qualities we prefer in ladies to ladylike manners, and one quality more than all others, viz., a certain womanly feeling. We want a lady to be well-educated, highly accomplished, good principled; we enjoy a pretty appearance and a tasteful dress; we like to see a lady with interest join a conversation, and are fond of listening to her sound and good remarks; but, for all this, we like our ladies more than all to be women with a woman's heart, and a womanly feeling and behaviour. We like our ladies to be "meek and gentle," as St. Peter says; rather a little bashful and retired than bold and decided. We would not like them to bow to gentlemen before these had bowed to them; we would not like to see them break an obstinate pony, or write a bold hand, or take a sharp look at a gentleman and make him blush. We don't think it quite the thing to hear ladies give a decided opinion on politics and state matters, which we rather wish left to the gentlemen to discuss, but like them to understand a little of cookery and needlework. We don't like ladies' fortunes settled on themselves by marriage, to make them feel independent of their husbands; nor do we want them to rule the whole house, and arrange all the house matters, without asking for the husband's opinion. In a few words, we want the man to be number one, and the woman number two; the husband the leading head, the wife the soothing heart of the domestic community; although we are always ready to give her the preference when she can conquer and rule us, not by her sharper intellect and stronger mind, but by her meek gentleness and all-sacrificing love.

This old national way of thinking the woman a little inferior to the man must necessarily influence our ideas of her right place in the family; the wife will always be the helper, the comforter, and consoler of the husband, whom he consults in all house affairs and all matters of society; but she won't be the leader and principal manager of the house and of the domestic arrangements, nor his adviser in matters of greater importance. However, there is also an-

other reason for this difference between the Danish and the English wife's position, and it is the totally different arrangement of domestic and business affairs. With you the husband is very little at home; soon after breakfast he hurries to his office or place of business, and returns to his dinner late in the evening, tired and fatigued; he wants a few hours' quiet rest, and does not care just then to have a lot of noisy children rambling about, or to be troubled with household affairs or complaints of servants. An English husband is pleased when his wife will take all such things on her shoulders and decide all those petty questions. In Denmark the husband is at home, or very near his home and his family, the whole day, as he has his office, his shop, or other place of business in the same house in which his family lives. He breakfasts generally in the morning with his children, and has time to examine them a little in their lessons before they go to school and see whether their clothes, their books and maps, and other apparatus are all in proper order, and he often finds a pleasure in taking the smaller ones to their school. He spends an hour or two with his wife, who likes to consult him about the dinner of the day or other family and household matters. He then goes to his office for some hours, but is called when the urn is on the table for luncheon and coffee, or if some visitor should happen to call, as he is then very pleased to come in and have a little talk. He dines at three or four o'clock with his family, when the children come home from their schools, and goes again an hour or two to his business, unless a dinner-party, a concert, a walk, or something else prevents him, as he is never so busy but that he finds time to spend with his family at home, or at amusements out of doors. In this way it is quite natural that the husband should exercise a great influence on household matters, and as the stronger one, take the lead; and so it is in Denmark. The husband is always near at hand, and never so worried with business that he has not plenty of time to spend on the arrangement of his house; he is, therefore, consulted about everything; about Charles' boots, whether they want to be resoled; whether blue or brown strings would become little Mary best; whether we had better to have the winter-cleaning next week or the week after, and have the carpets put down now or later; whether the winter-curtains will do for one winter more when they were done up a little; whether the melon is to be eaten before or after the joint at a little dinner-party to-morrow; whether mamma

wants a new winter-cloak; whether we had better look out for another servant, &c. To be sure the husband is an important thing in a Danish house, and on many occasions a good helper; there are many things he can buy better than any when he goes to town, and can often help a little when we expect company; at least, to put the leaves in the table, and take care of fruit and wine. But there is still a very great space left for the activity of the wife; let her be as energetic as she may, there will always be enough for her to do, as she is wanted everywhere, by everybody, at all times of the day. She has not only the superintendence of the household, but takes an active part in it; she not only orders the dinner, and then leaves the rest to the cook, but she has the responsibility of all the meals—that breakfast, and luncheon, and tea are ready in due time, and that dinner is well cooked. She has, therefore, to go to her kitchen and larder many times a day to give orders, to put out bread, and butter, and meat, and sausages; to weigh flour and rice, &c., for dinner; and, more than all, to make the sauce, to stew the vegetables, to sweeten the fruit-soups exactly; it is her work to give the final touch to the dinner before it is put on the table, and be sure that everything is right before the husband sits down. She has also to superintend the rooms, that they are clean and tidy, and has often to take the duster in her hand to give the drawing-room and the husband's room the last finish.

The children are also left to her care, as a Danish mother nurses her children herself, even if she has a little assistance in a young girl to help to dress them and to take them out for a walk. Baby sleeps in mother's arms, or in a cradle next to her bed in the night, and is very much with her in the day in her sitting-room, where also the smaller children play round her when they are not out for a walk. She gives her children the first rudiments of learning, and has often to help the larger ones with their lessons in the evening. She has to arrange their school, and house, and company-dresses; to make many of them herself, and to keep them all in repair; and, besides all this, she has always to be ready for a walk and a talk with her husband; to look a little after his things, and help him with a stitch or two; to hear his complaints of the troubles of life, and pat his cheeks when he is tired or cross; and, before all, keep all disagreeable things out of his sight. You won't deny that there is very much required of a Danish wife; but who in the world should have a more blessed and satisfactory

situation than she, when her husband loves her, and she can fill her place. How nice to be wanted everywhere, by young and old ones! how beautiful to be able to help every one! how pleasant to know that it is my merit when the house is clean and the dinner good, and all goes quietly and right! how charming to be appreciated, and thanked, and loved by all around me, and to be missed if I leave the house only for a few minutes! This is the case with a good Danish housemother and a wife, who could be an example for all housemothers and wives in the world!

Now we shall hear a little about Danish children. But if you expect to find a description of well-arranged and well-conducted nurseries, or to hear of clever nurses, who understand their work thoroughly, you will be rather disappointed. Never forget that we, in this respect as in all our ways, are rather simple and primitive, without much display or refinement. And this will be more striking to you English people than to many other nations, as with you everything connected with the nursery has reached a high degree of refinement and perfection. Where in the world could one find a whole story of the house given up to the children, with bedrooms and play-rooms apart; where find such nurses as yours, well-educated and brought up for their work? Generally speaking, we don't know anything like it. Of course we have rich families, who, as they have all other benefits of opulence, also have large houses with one or two rooms set apart for their children, and keep one or two thoroughly good good nurses, whom they can trust, to take care of their children. But, as a characteristic of Copenhagen or Danish family-life — when we speak of middle-class people who marry on £150 or £250 a year — we don't have anything corresponding to your nurses and nurseries; and one can be respectable without keeping a nurse or a nursery. Our houses are, as I have told you, very limited in this respect, and arranged on other principles to yours. When a young couple marries on their limited income, they are content with a flat of four or five rooms, besides kitchen and servants' rooms. Of these few rooms not more than one can be left for sleeping purposes; and it is considered a luxury when a small room adjacent to the bed-room can be spared as a kind of dressing-room, in which wardrobes, linen-press, and other utensils of the house have their place. Where to put baby and nurse when they make their entrance in the house? where to let them sleep, and where to play, and where to dine? There is no separate

place for them; but we must try to find room for nurse's bed between the wardrobe and the linen-press (and then farewell to my dressing-room — it was a short pleasure), or let her sleep with our other servant. Poor little baby won't find any certain place of her own, but will have to migrate from the bed-room to the sitting-room, from the sitting-room to the dining-room, from the dining-room to the dressing-room, and from there again, to the bed-room at least once or twice a day, as is convenient to mother or nurse, or is required by domestic arrangement.

And now the nurses! We have plenty of them in Denmark; you can see them by thousands also in Copenhagen: young children, of twelve or fourteen years, dragging a baby along the streets on their arms, or pulling a perambulator with one or two little souls; girls, tidily dressed, accompanying two or three nice little children, but often looking more after shop-windows and soldiers than after the children; regular nurses, married women from the country, who have come to Copenhagen to serve for a year or two as nurses, with high wages and first-rate boarding. These are generally dressed in a peculiar nurse-costume, a kind of fancy dress, in imitation of the old-fashioned national costume, consisting of a light-green woollen petticoat with a half-a-yard border of the gayest chintz, a black velvet bodice with a broad collar of home-made lace, and on the head a kind of cap, the back of which is a fan-shaped gold or silver embroidery, and the sides wide scarlet satin ribbons. Let her now, as the last finish, put on a white apron made of handsomely worked curtain-muslin, and you will have a figure as picturesque as any, who looks very nice and tidy, both when she is walking in the streets with little baby smartly dressed in a long light-blue cloak and a little white bonnet, and when she is moving about in the rooms amongst us.

You will also find many an excellent nurse amongst those peasant women, attached to baby and the other children like a mother; but, generally speaking, our nurses cannot be compared with the English. They are not regularly brought up for it as for a profession, but take it up for a time, when they are too young to find any other employment, and give it up again, as soon as possible, as a troublesome work. But the principal reason is that the Danish mother, as a rule, still nurses her own child, and only considers the nurse as a helper to assist her in washing the children's things, take them out for

a walk, or be with them when she is busy herself in other ways. It is not the nurse, but the mother herself, who takes care of the children by day and by night, who dresses them, who plays with them, who teaches them to sing, to read, and behave properly at the table and everywhere. When, in this way, the best part of the bodily nursing, and the whole educational part of it, is taken from the nurse, she of course is degraded to a kind of machine, and the whole responsibility laid on the mother. You will not wonder, therefore, to find her very busy with her children; and papa must also help a little, and does it with pleasure. Even if baby is a good little one, who sleeps soundly in her cradle or on mother's arm the whole night, she is very early awake in the morning, and papa's morning-sleep is at an end when baby awakes; he therefore prefers to take her into his own bed to admire the little precious creature, to make her smile or teach her to show how tall she is, or some of the other old tricks, while mamma is getting up to prepare the breakfast. When this is finished, she has to wash and dress baby and make her sleep a little again, while she minds her other business. If she has no nurse, she has to take the nice little basket-cradle, with the polished rockers and the green shade, and the tidy quilts and blankets with her into the sitting-room, till the general servant can spare an hour from her other work to take baby out for an airing. If she can afford to keep a regular nurse she rocks the child to sleep, singing the old-fashioned dozing songs, as for instance:

"Visse-lull, my love,
Had I such four,
Four and twenty in each corner,
Then all our cradles should go!"

and other very interesting, but rather monotonous ballads, that generally have a sleep-making effect on papa, who tries to write or read in the next room, smoking his morning pipe, than on baby herself, who seems quite up to enjoy life, and with her bright eyes seems to examine the gilt curtain-rods of the sitting-room or the gasolier of the dining room, where she now happens to be placed. As baby won't sleep, nurse is sent out with her to spend some hours in the middle of the day in a quiet park belonging to one of the town-palaces, or on the ramparts, with their fresh air and cool shade. Then she comes home and has something else to take care of, either in the house or with baby's clothes; baby is again, in her cradle, sent in to mamma, or left to

papa to play with, that he may enjoy the pleasures and try the troubles of a father. That is all very nice, and when baby thrives well, and is healthy and strong, one does not mind that the order of the house is sometimes upset for her sake; but the whole affair gets a little more troublesome when baby grows up and gets brothers and sisters, and we have five or six little souls playing around us the whole day, and many a time also wanting a little looking after in the night. Then the whole house is converted into a nursery; we then certainly have a nursery as complete as any English one, but then we want some rooms for our own convenience and comfort. Whether we can afford it or not, we must, under such circumstances, have a bed-room more, and at least one nurse, who has nothing but the children and their things to mend. But even then room must be made in father's and mother's bed-room for baby's cradle and one or two little cribs. What a jolly time then the mornings are; as soon as baby gives the signal the whole chorus joins, and all the little fellows seem anxious to get up as fast as possible, to run about playing in their nightgowns till they can be dressed, or they jump into papa's bed—that seems the most welcome meeting-place for the whole lot. What a busy time now for mamma and nurse to have them all washed and dressed; what a laughing and a screaming; what a noise and what a fighting; and so it goes on the whole day, only with the difference that the battle is fought in the dining-room and the sitting-room. You may be sure both papa and mamma have enough to do, not only at the meals, where they have to provide for the little flock, but also the whole rest of the day, especially when it is a cold or wet day, and nurse cannot take them out for some hours. Then the dining-room must be given up to their amusement; and now begins a running round the table, and a moving of the chairs in all directions, that is to be heard the whole house over. It is quite a relief when at least some of the children begin to go to school; and this is one of the reasons why parents send their children so early to school, to have at least some hours of the day a little quiet.

The mother generally teaches her children, when they are four or five years old, to read and write on the slate, and with their sixth year they are sent to preparatory schools, often for both sexes, where they learn to read and write, arithmetic, and a little geography, and have religious instruction. At the ninth or tenth year the schools are changed. The boy is now sent to a regular boy-school, in which he has to spend

six or eight years, either to be prepared for his first examination at the University or to obtain a general education for all purposes of life. The boy leaves his home at half-past eight in the morning, and won't return till half-past three; during six hours he has been sitting quietly listening to his master's explanations, only with a few minutes intervals between the different lectures, and as soon as he has finished his dinner he has to get his books out and begin to prepare for the next day, which takes nearly all his time till tea, after which he goes to bed. And so he goes on day after day, year after year, till his sixteenth or seventeenth year, or even later. This system is very different from yours; both have their advantages, both have their great faults. The first thing you look after, when a boy comes home from the college for the holidays, is whether he looks strong and healthy, and has good manners. The first question you make him is, How he is getting on with his boating or cricketing? how he can pull his oar? what prospect he has to be one of the eleven at the next cricket-match? — there will always later be an opportunity to examine his progress in classics and mathematics. With us the first question to a boy who returns from his school in Copenhagen, or another town, to his parents in the country would be; "How did you pass the examination? which number did you get in the new class? how are you getting on with the German exercises, with the mathematics, with the Hebrew language? — by-and-by there will always be an opportunity to examine his manners and principles. There is a great difference of our views in this respect. You want your boys to learn in their schools and at their colleges to be active and energetic men, with noble principles, and thoroughly gentlemanly in their manners and behaviour; therefore is reading and great learning not your first object in sending your boys to a good school. You want them to receive a general fundamental knowledge on which they can build when they, later in life, require some peculiar special knowledge; but you desire, before all, that your boys shall learn very early to have their body in their power, to strengthen their muscles, to be light in all their movements, to rely on their manly strength, and feel up to any arduous undertaking, and independent of everybody at the same time, when they learn to submit to a stronger will and to respect old traditions. We don't want anything from our schools but learning; it is left to the parents to educate their boys, to give them good manners and proper behaviour, to do their best, when there is an opportunity, to

strengthen their bodies by various exercises. But for this reason, we require the more reading, and learning, and studying in our schools.

From The Saturday Review.
GERMANY AND EUROPE.

THE success with which Germany has opened the campaign has naturally given rise to speculations and suggestions of every possible kind as to the consequences, remote or immediate, of Germany establishing an incontestable superiority over France. The French *Journal Officiel* had even gone so far as to publish a manifesto, addressed to all the nations of Europe, showing how very dangerous to each might be the triumph of so unscrupulous and rapacious a Power as Germany. While there is yet time to give effectual aid, the *Journal Officiel* entreats the countries now neutral to stand by France, the champion of European independence. What is asked is, in plain language, that Western Europe should form a coalition, not against France, but in her favour. Perhaps no effect of the reverses the French army has sustained is more curious than this. Here is the organ of the French Government, within a month of a war undertaken in lightness of heart to teach the Prussians manners and to show the world the prowess of the French army, crying out in hopeless panic to the world that these Prussians are too great and strong for any Power to contend against, and that all who want to be safe from them must unite to put them down. The Germans inspire the officials of the Third Napoleon with something of the same terror with which the vast ambition and colossal strength of the First Napoleon inspired the Courts and peoples in his neighbourhood. A vision is conjured up of a German Empire making the Baltic a German lake. The expression which the French have on their own behalf delighted so much to apply to the Mediterranean is to be applied by the Germans, in their horrible presumption, to the sea that washes their northern shores. But this would never content the Emperor of Germany, for the French mind perceives that this would be the new title of the King of Prussia; and while it is the most harmless and natural thing in the world that France should have an Emperor, it reveals an almost superhuman insolence in the Germans that they also should have an Emperor to rule over them. The whole tone of the *Journal Officiel* in this respect

is perfectly artless and sincere, and is thoroughly French. That France should domineer over her neighbours is quite in keeping with the proper order of things, and can give offence to no one. But that Germany should talk as France has been in the habit of talking, and should act as France has boasted of wishing and intending to act, is truly awful. There is no end to the dreadful fancies that such a thought suggests. The Emperor of Germany will want Holland, he will want Venice, he will want Trieste. He will bargain with Russia, and in return for ample compensation will plant the Czar at Constantinople. He will in fact play the part which Napoleon played with so much relish at Tilsit. To prevent such a catastrophe France asks for aid from those who would most suffer at the hands of a too triumphant Germany; and it may perhaps be worth while for the neutral nations to ask themselves how far these fears are imaginary, and whether, if the Germans succeeded in inflicting further defeats on France, the interests of European peace would be seriously endangered.

It is impossible for us in England to regard Europe from the same point of view in which the French regard it. To us the strength and power of Germany have a value which the French, against whom we wish they should be in some measure directed, cannot be expected to appreciate. It is for the great good of Europe, and, as we believe, to the real advantage of France itself, that there should be a neighbour to France strong enough and resolute enough to ease France of something of its restless ambition, its tall talk, and its tendency to relieve the weariness of its home politics by interfering with every one outside its borders. A nation that is a prey to revolutions, to adventurers, and to military despotism, and that avowedly looks on war as a last stake which its gamblers throw when they are hard pressed, is a constant source of peril to Europe. It is not wholesome for Europe that there should be in it a country the Prime Minister of which rushes into a totally unjustifiable war with lightness of heart. When we have said thus much we have said all that we have to say against France. That France should be really humiliated, crippled, and powerless, would be a state of things in every way deplorable and very unwelcome to England. The French have forced on the war, and they must take the chances of the war they have provoked; but France bleeding and prostrate is a spectacle which Englishmen will regard with the most unfeigned reluctance. All that is wanted is that France

should learn the lesson it so much needed, that it must leave Germany alone. But will the Germans be content to be left alone, or will they use their victories, if they continue to win them, in a spirit of arrogance and insolence, and so as to menace Europe? The French say that they will, and they have, it appears, not only said this in a general way, but they have pressed some neutral States, and more particularly Austria, Italy, and Denmark, with the argument that to join France promptly and openly is their last chance of independence. Would a wise Austrian or Italian admit the force of this argument, or not? Is the success of Germany a danger to Europe? Of all the political questions of the day, this is perhaps the one it is most desirable to answer aright. No prudent person would give other than a guarded answer. Success quickly corrupts the heart of man, and no one can speak positively as to the effect on Germany of finding itself quickly and indisputably victorious. But, so far as it is possible to form an opinion now, it may be said that the *Journal Officiel* is wrong, and that its error consists in speaking of Germans as if they were Frenchmen. Everything tends to show that all the Germans want is Germany for the Germans. They do not want to dictate to their neighbours, or to take the territory of their neighbours, or to incorporate aliens such as Belgians and Dutchmen in Germany. They only ask that Germany may be left altogether alone, to manage its own concerns, and to bind together its several parts in that degree and kind of unity which may best suit them.

No one can speak confidently as to the effects of military success on a people; but there is at any rate a very strong presumption against the notion that Germany will become an aggressive Power. That Count Bismark has often talked as if he would readily consent to see small States like Belgium sacrificed in order to carry out the projects of great Powers like France and Prussia is doubtless true. But it must be remembered that none of the projects of Count Bismark with regard to foreign nations have ever attained anything like definiteness, nor have they ever received the sanction of the King. The difference between France and Germany in this respect is very striking. It is the head of France who for years has been striving to tear up old treaties, and to propagate new ideas, very often to the great advantage of the world. It is not in his hour of misfortune that we ought to forget that Italy owes its very existence to the Emperor of the French. But still he has been plotting

against the established order of things for twenty years, and his people have looked very kindly on his plotting. The *Journal Officiel* makes the fundamental mistake, in our opinion, of looking on Germans as if they were Frenchmen. The reply to its arguments is to be found in the experience of any one accustomed to mix with the natives of the two countries. Even the most temperate and modest Frenchmen are imbued with the ideas of territorial aggrandizement and foreign conquest. They are actuated unconsciously by memories of the old Napoleon days, and speak as if they had been robbed of all the territory which Napoleon won and failed to keep. Such a spirit is unknown in Germany. The Germans want all Germany to be united, but they want nothing more. A war of spoliation would be totally abhorrent to German feeling. The moral sentiment of the Germans is against wronging and bullying and preying on adjacent nations. The war with Denmark may be thought a proof to the contrary; but the Germans at least believed they were thoroughly in the right, that the Duchies were German, and had been ill-treated by a foreigner, and that they were only reclaiming their own, when they took away the Duchies from Denmark. But, in any case, isolated acts may mislead us. What we rest upon is the character of the German people, which is orderly and honest and sober, and averse to military despotism and the fatigues and dangers of unnecessary war. The German army is admirably organized, and as has just been shown, can strike swift and strong blows outside German territory. But it is essentially a defensive army, and those who compose it will not readily undertake war unless to protect themselves. It was with the utmost reluctance that the Germans went into the present war, and their only object at present seems to be to show that they are not to be invaded with impunity. The Germans may of course become intoxicated with success, but there is no symptom whatever at present that this will be the case, and they deserve fully that their past history and their national character should at least do this much for them, that neutral nations should look on their successes without jealousy or alarm.

We are not apt at once to realize how few things are spared by war. The Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau has been stopped by the call upon most of the players to serve in the ranks of the active army.

Fall Mall Gazette.

From The Fall Mall Gazette.
ENGLAND'S POSITION.

I AM off to-night for the Continent to join the Prussian army; if it had not been for an accidental circumstance with which I need not trouble you, I should have been off a fortnight ago. I have no love for the preaching old drill sergeant who is called King of Prussia, or for the audacious conspirator who pulls his wires; this conspirator and his rival conspirator, Louis Bonaparte, stand in my affections pretty much on a par. Both play their own game, and are obstacles to better things. I am a republican, I desire a republic for every country in Europe. I believe no country of Europe is so fitted to be a republic as Germany; I believe her difficulties are from her Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, and nothing else. I believe she will end by getting rid of these gentry; and till that time comes the world will never know of what real greatness she is capable. But the present war, though we are led by the old drill sergeant and his wire-puller, is a war of Germany against France. I must go and take part in it.

Before I go, I am moved to send you a few farewell remarks on your country and its position, about which you seem (and I am sure I do not wonder at it) to be much concerned and embarrassed just now. I have a great esteem for your nation, its genius, and its past history; and your present stage of development has been a subject of constant study and thought with me during the years I have lived here. Formerly I have more than once communicated my ideas to you, as occasion arose, through Mr. Matthew Arnold. But experience has shown me that, though willing and inquisitive, he has hardly brain enough for my purpose; besides, he has of late been plunged over head and ears in some dispute of Greeks of the Lower Empire with your foolish and impracticable Dissenters.

Finding him unserviceable, therefore, I address you myself; but I shall use some of the phrases with which he has familiarized you, because they save circumlocution, and as he learnt them all from me in the first instance, I see no reason why I should not take back my own property when I want it.

You are horrified and astounded at this war; horrified and astounded at the projects for altering the face of Europe which have been going on under your nose without your knowledge; horrified and astounded at the coolness with which foreign nations seem to leave you out of their account, or to estimate the chances and character of your intervention. They put you

aside as if you were of no consequence; and this to you, who won the last great European war, and made the treaties of Vienna! The time, you think, has clearly come when you must make a demonstration. Your popular veteran, Lord Russell, declares amid universal applause that it is only the doubt that has long prevailed as to the course which England would take that has encouraged and fostered all these projects of treaty, these combinations and intrigues. You have but to speak plainly, and all will be well. Your great organ, the *Times*, not satisfied with itself conveying to other Powers in the most magnificent manner (a duty, to do it justice, it always fulfils) "what England believes to be due from and to her," keeps exhorting your Government to do the same, and to speak some brave words, and to speak them "with promptitude and energy."

I suppose your Government will do so. But forgive me if I tell you that to us disrespectful foreigners it makes very little difference in our estimate of you and of the future whether your Government does so or not. What gives the sense and significance to a Government's declarations is the power which is behind the Government. And what is the power which is behind the Government of England at the present epoch? The Philistines.

Simply and solely the Philistines, my dear friend, take my word for it! No, you will say, it is the nation. Pardon me, you have no nation. France is fused into one nation by the military spirit, and by her democracy, the great legacy of 1789, and subsisting even amidst her present corruption. Germany is fused into one nation by her idea of union and of the elevation of her whole people through culture. You are made up, as I have often told you through my poor disciple whom you so well know, of three distinct and unfused bodies — Barbarians, Philistines, Populace. You call them aristocracy, middle, and lower class. One of these three must be predominant and lead. Your lower class counts as yet for little or nothing. There is among them a small body of workmen with modern ideas, ideas of organization, who may be a nucleus for the future; there are more of them Philistines in a small way, Philistines in embryo; but most of them are mere populace, or, to use your own kindly term, residuum. Such a class does not lead. Formerly your aristocracy led; it commanded the politics of the country; it had an aristocracy's ideas — limited enough — but the idea of the country's grandeur and dignity was among them; it

took your middle and lower class along with it, and used them in its own way, and it made the great war which the battle of Waterloo crowned. But countries must outgrow a feudal organization, and the political command of an aristocracy; your country has outgrown it. Your aristocracy tells upon England socially; by all the power of example of a class high-placed, rich, idle, self-indulgent, without mental life, it teaches your Philistines how to live fast. But it no longer rules; at most it but administers; the Philistines rule. That makes the difference between Lord Grenville and Lord Granville. When Lord Grenville had to speak to Europe in 1793, he had behind him your aristocracy, not indeed fused with your middle and lower class, but wielding them and using their force; and all the world knew what your aristocracy meant, for they knew it themselves. But Lord Granville has behind him, when he speaks to Europe in 1870, your Philistines or middle class; and how should the world know, or much care, what your middle class mean? for they do not know it themselves.

You may be mortified, but such is the truth. To be consequent and powerful, men must be bottomed on some vital idea or sentiment, which lends strength and certainty to their action. Your aristocracy of seventy years ago had the sentiment of the greatness of the old aristocratical England, and that sentiment gave them force to endure labours, anxiety, danger, disappointment, loss, restrictions of liberty. Your ruling middle class has no such foundation; hence its imbecility. It would tell you it believes in industrial development and liberty. Examine what it means by these, and you find it means getting rich and not being meddled with. And these it imagines to be self-acting powers for good and agents of greatness; so that if more trade is done in England than anywhere else, if your personal independence is without a check, and your newspaper publicity unbounded, your Philistines think they are by the nature of things great, powerful, and admirable, and that their England has only to speak "with promptitude and energy" in order to prevail.

My dear friend, do not be misled by that magnificent *Times* of yours; it is not the failing to speak "with promptitude and energy" which injures you, it is the holding your notions in this mechanical fashion. Your ruling middle class have no great, seriously and truly conceived end, therefore no greatness of soul or mind, therefore no steadfastness and power in great affairs.

While you are thus, in great affairs you do and must fumble. You imagine that your words must have weight with us because you are very rich and have unbounded liberty and publicity; you will find yourselves mistaken, and you will be bewildered. Then you get involved in war, and you imagine that you cannot but make war well by dint of being so very rich; that you will just add a penny or two to your income tax, change none of your ways, have unrestricted independence, legions of newspaper correspondents, boundless publicity, and thus, at a grand high pressure of expenditure, bustle, and excitement, arrive at a happy and triumphant result. But authority and victory over people who are in earnest means being in earnest oneself, and your Philistines are not in earnest; they have no idea great enough to make them so. They want to be important and authoritative; they want to enforce peace and curb the ambitious; they want to drive a roaring trade; they want to know and criticise all that is being done; they want no restrictions on their personal liberty, no interference with their usual way of going on; they want all these incompatible things equally and at once, because they have no idea deep and strong enough to subordinate everything else to itself. A newspaper correspondent of your own wrote from Berlin the other day, "The complete control of this people by the State is most striking." How would your Philistines like that? Not at all. But it is by sacrifices of this kind that success in great affairs is achieved; and when your Philistines find this out, or find that a raised income tax, newspaper correspondents everywhere, and a generally animated state of the public mind, are not enough to command success, they will be still more bewildered.

And this is the power which Lord Granville has behind him, and which is to give the force and meaning to his words. Poor Lord Granville! I imagine he is under no illusions, he knows the British Philistine, with his likes and dislikes, his effusion and confusion, his hot and cold fits, his want of dignity and of the stedfastness which comes from dignity, his want of ideas, and of the stedfastness which comes from ideas; he has seen him at work already. He has seen the Russian war and the Russian peace; a war and peace your aristocracy did not make and never would have made

— the British Philistine and his newspaper have the whole merit of it. In your social gatherings I know you have the habit of assuring one another that in some mysterious way the Russian war did you much good in the eyes of Europe. Undeceive yourselves; it did you nothing but harm, and Lord Granville is far too clever a man not to know it. Then, in the Denmark quarrel, your Philistines did not make war, indeed, but they threatened it. Surely in the Denmark case there was no want of brave words; no failure to speak out "with promptitude and energy." And we all know what came of it. Unique British Philistine! Is he most to be revered when he makes his wars or when he threatens them? And at the prompting of this great backer Lord Granville is now to speak! Probably he will have, as the French say, to execute himself; only do not suppose that we are under any delusion as to the sort of force he has behind him.

My dear friend, I think I am writing to you for the last time, and by the love I bear to the England of your past literature and history I do exhort your Philistine middle class, which is now England, to get, as I say, "*Geist*;" to search, and not to rest till it sees things more as they really are, and how little of a power over things as they really are is its money making, or its unrestricted independence, or its newspaper publicity, or its Dissent, or any of the things with which it is now most taken; and how its newspapers deceive it when they tell it night and day that, being what it is, and having the objects it has, it commands the envy and deference of the world, and is on the sure road to greatness and happiness, if indeed it be not already arrived there. My dear friend, I have told you our German programme — *the elevation of a whole people through culture*. That need not be your English programme, but surely you may have some better programme than this your present one — *the beatification of a whole people through claptrap*.

And now, my dear friend, it is time for me to go, and to what fate I go I know not; but this I know, that your country, where I have lived so long and seen so much, is on its way either to a great transformation or to a great disaster. — Your sincere well-wisher,

VON THUNDER-TEN-TRONCKH.
Chequer-alley, Monday afternoon.